Bullets Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35)

Formans Rd., Sparkhill; R. Smith, 78, Somerset Rd., Edmonton, N.; T. Smith, 3, Losiuga Cres., Norwich; T. Smith, Aldwick Rd., Bognor; J. Spiby, 12, Regent Rd., Wilnes; P. Stevens, 4, Moorgate St., Halifax; J. Stevenson, Waterworks, Bamber Bridge; P. Stevenson, 24, Crescent Rd., Hugglescote; G. Storr, 91, West Rd., Westcliff; E. Tembey, 269, Breck Rd., L'pool.; A. Thomas, 51, Vicarage Rd., Eastbourne; T. Thompson, 2a, Queen St., Ellesmere Port; Miss J. Toseland, Ebenezer Pl., Kettering; W. Trevett, 10, Percy Rd., Southampton; W. Tucker, 5, Emerson Rd., Weymouth; Mrs. J. Turner, 14, Beaumont St., Hoyland Common; Miss M. Tweed, Queen Anne's Lodge, Stevning; P. Vidal, 42, Nelson Sq., London, S.E.; C. Webber, 160, High St., B'ham.; A. Weller, Crays Hill, Billericay; A. Wilford, "Highcot," Redlands Rd., Penarth; H. Williams, 38, Chippenham Rd., London, W.; C. Williams, 43, Stafford St., L'pool.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed —— and Co. —— Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 637 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 633 will be shown in the window of Mr. G. Taylor, 20, Linwood Road, Market Rasen, Lincs.

MOTHER AND SON HAD ECZEMA

Itched and Burned. Healed by Cuticura.

"Eczema broke out all over my face in pimples and spread to my neck and arms. It was very dry and itched and burned so badly that I never got much sleep. My face was a sight. It also broke out on my baby's head, face and arms and looked very badly.

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using it I purchased more. Each day I could see an improvement and in a short time we were both completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Rhodes, 57, Amberley St., Attercliffe, Sheffield, Eng.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

125 MORE CHEQUES FOR READERS WHO REGISTERED

Another £250 DEATH BENEFIT PAID

Disturbed by the barking of his dog in the early hours of the morning, Thomas Hunter of 27, Stephenson St., North Ormesby, Middlesboro', got up to investigate. In the darkness he tripped and fell headlong down the stairs, dying of his injuries. His widow receives a cheque for £250 under John Bull's Great Free Insurance Gift.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of only a few who benefit :—

FIRE UP TO £400

LIVERPOOL.—Miss E. RUXTON, 93, Parkhill Road, Dingle.
HR. IRLAM, Nr. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. ELIZABETH RATCLIFFE, 14, The Crescent.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. MARY STEPHENSON, 99, Amelia Street, Elswick.
CRADLEY HEATH, STAFFS.—Mrs. J. BRIDGES, 9, New Paint Cup Row, Dudley Heath.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Mrs. W. RICHARDSON, 138, Victoria Street.
CONNAHS QUAY, Nr. CHESTER.—Mrs. A. E. RICHARDSON, 15, Spring Street.
ROSSENDALE, LANCS.—Mr. W. C. LINDSAY, 152, Manchester Road, Haslingden.
CHESHUNT.—Mr. A. HAMMOND, 12, Windmill Lane.
KETTERING, NORTHANTS.—Mr. J. W. TURNER, 29, Warcroft.
CHEADLE, CHESHIRE.—Mr. S. COLLIER, 116 Wilmslow Street.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. M. POWELL, 19, Leek Street.
LOSTOCK HALL, Nr. PRESTON.—Mr. D. JONES, 2, Lostock Square.
LLECHRYD, CARDIGANSHIRE.—Mr. J. P. LLOYD, P.O. Ponthirwain.
AYR, SCOTLAND.—Mr. THOS. HONEYMAN, 2, Alderton Avenue.
BLAIRGOWRIE.—Mr. JOHN LEWIS, 36, Leslie Street, Back Court.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. I. PATTISON, 158, Thomson Street, Dennistoun.
CHARLTON, S.E.7.—Mrs. L. PLAMPIN, 42, Church Lane.
CLAYTON-LE-WOODS, Nr. CHORLEY, LANCS.—Mr. BARNESS BLOOD, 5, Tootells Terrace.
WEST CROYDON.—Mrs. J. T. BENNETT, 140, Canterbury Road.
ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX.—Mrs. A. PRYKE, 81, Churchbury Road.
PLAISTOW, E.—Mrs. J. DUTTON, 157, St. Mary's Road.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. R. HAMMOND, 6, Janson Street, Attercliffe.
MORPETH.—Mr. J. T. LOWES, 62, Bridge Street.

PITY ME, DURHAM.—Mr. ANTHONY CARRES, 13, Jubilee Terrace.
HETTON-LE-HOLE, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. C. WILSON, 3, Gill Street, Four Lane Ends.
LANGLEY MOOR, DURHAM.—Mrs. E. JACKSON, 152, Front Street.
BISHOP AUCKLAND, DURHAM.—Mrs. R. RODDON, Black Boy Inn, Caunton.
GARNDIFFAITH, MON.—Mr. A. PRY, Victoria Village.
WEST AUCKLAND.—Mr. F. MORRELL, 16, Irene Terrace.
GARNDIFFAITH, MON.—Mr. JOHN A. DAVIES, 8, Top Road.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. I. CARR, 94, Western Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. HODOF, 157, Crossloan Road, Govan.
AYLSHAM, NORFOLK.—Mrs. M. V. PAYNE, Hungate Street.
LYNG, Nr. NORWICH, NORFOLK.—Mr. ALBERT BURTON, Chapel Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. A. H. WAREHAM, 48, Park Road, East Dene.
LLANELLY.—Mr. ALAN L. HOPKINS, The Cottage, Penyfai.
DEVONPORT.—Mr. E. H. MINERS, 34, St. Leven Road.
BLACKPOOL.—Mr. C. BARRETT, The Laburnum, Warbreck Hill Road.
LONG SUTTON, LINCS.—Mrs. A. C. GUNTON, West Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

GATESHEAD.—Mrs. C. BURNS, 63, Walker Street, Low Teams.
POPLAR, E.14.—Mrs. R. KING, 43, Wade Street.
EDINBURGH.—Miss W. CAREY, 13, St. James Sq.
SACRISTON, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. H. REED, Kelvin House, 14, Craiglands.
QUAINTON, Nr. AYLESBURY, BUCKS.—Mrs. [illegible], Hoomins, Lower Street.
WEYMOUTH.—Mrs. N. CARTER, 29, Chickerell Road.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. C. NAREY, 44, Dunns Square, King Charles Street.
HAMMERSMITH, W.6.—Mrs. G. M. SPEARING, 36, Lower Mall.
HEMSWORTH, Nr. PONTEFRACT.—Mrs. E. K. DEALTRY, 21, Wortley Place, Barnsley Road.
DUDLEY.—Mrs. K. M. BAKER, 140, Cinder Bank, Netherton.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. B. GAFFREY, 4, Elmvale Row West, Springburn.
CITY ROAD, E.C.2.—Mrs. M. A. FERGUSSON, 60 F, Sutton Flats.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
In full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

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Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/5/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/5/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen. Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE!

Name or initial engraved on Pen in gold 6d. extra.

SEE WHAT YOU SAVE!

By accepting this offer you get the "John Bull" Pen with 14 ct. solid gold nib, iridium tip, worth 15/- + 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE, representing a total value of 17/6. By sending six coupons and p.o. for 4/- only (plus 3d. postage and insurance) YOU SAVE 13/6.

YOU SAVE 13/6

Every day's a holiday —with a HUMBER

NO need to wait for vacations; you have only to get astride and the powerful, easy-running Humber engine will quickly transport you to new scenes while you fill your lungs with the invigorating air of the open country. In no other way can you obtain so much independence and pleasure for so small an outlay.

Any model can be purchased by means of the exceptionally favourable **Humber Deferred Payment Scheme.** The O.H.V. Model can be obtained on deposit of £14 0s. 10d. and 12 monthly payments of £3 15s. 0d., which includes Insurance.

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THE MOST
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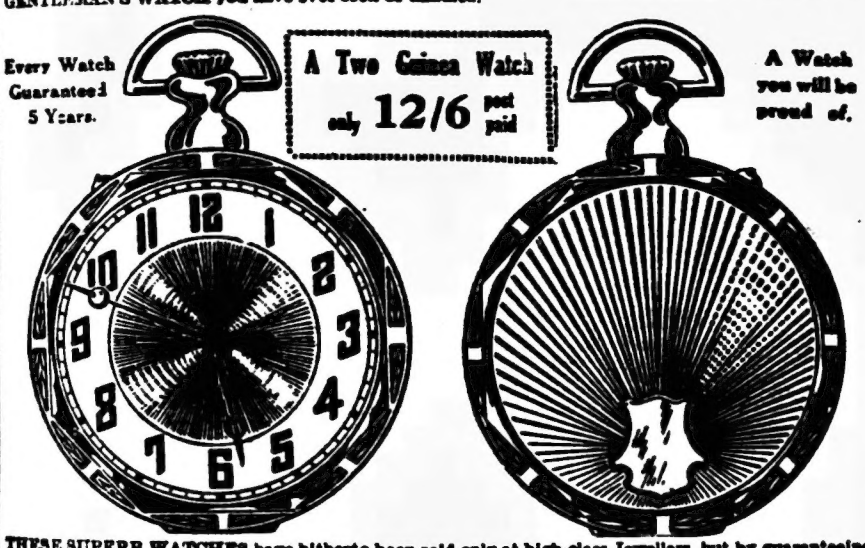
——And at a Great Bargain Price
SEND NO MONEY——We Trust You

OUR MARVELLOUS OFFER of a high-grade watch of extreme beauty and finish, exceptionally GOOD TIME-KEEPING MOVEMENT lever action, in new art platinoid silver finished case. Most handsomely designed, exquisitely engraved.
AN ATTRACTIVE WATCH of super-elegance. The fronts of these magnificent watches have octagonal diamond facet edges PRETTILY ENGRAVED, whilst the back is also RICHLY ORNAMENTED with sunray design, and shield suitable for engraving with monogram or initials. Altogether the most beautiful GENTLEMAN'S WATCH you have ever seen or handled.

Every Watch Guaranteed 5 Years.

A Two Guinea Watch only 12/6 post paid

A Watch you will be proud of.



THESE SUPERB WATCHES have hitherto been sold only at high-class Jewellers, but by guaranteeing the manufacturers an extensive sale, we have been fortunate in securing the advertising rights, and thus bringing the price down from two guineas to only 12/6 each. So enthusiastic are we about these beautiful Watches giving you the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, that we do not ask you to pay a penny piece either before or after delivery, unless you satisfy yourselves that they are a remarkable bargain for the low price, as we rely only on repeat orders.
Take advantage of this wonderful free offer now—which need cost you nothing if you do not approve of the watch sent you.
More amazing still, in addition to sending you these quality Watches on free home approval, is the price, which is only 12/6 (well worth two guineas), and if you are not satisfied in every way with their unsurpassed value, simply return the Watch to us, and the postage will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU.

But the Watch remains our property till paid for or returned within two days of receipt. Simply send your full name and full address, but be sure you write NOW, as this offer is only open for a limited time and all orders are despatched in strict rotation.

THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES (J.B. 7) **6, Pall Mall, Market Street, Manchester**

This is the Bike
350 Thousand Riders PRAISE

Over 350,000 customers have sent unsolicited letters of praise testifying in glowing terms to the supreme strength, immense speed capacity, easy running qualities, superb workmanship, and absolute reliability of Mead bicycles.

Thousands of these delighted users are skilled mechanics whose engineering ability enables them to prove for themselves that the Mead is a triumph of British craftsmanship. And what do these Mead enthusiasts say? Below we reproduce two typical testimonials which speak for themselves:—

Mr. Lane, of Broad St., Wrington, writes to say that though he has ridden a Mead for **over 28 years** and cycled more than 100,000 miles, his machine is "still going strong and in splendid condition."

Mr. Charles Longton, of 275 Ormskirt Road, Spring Bank, Pemberton, also writes: "My 20 year old Mead gives no trouble and runs just as well as ever."

—— 2/6 Deposit ——

is all you pay in advance for one of these matchless Mead 400A "Marvel" mounts. Balance you remit in small monthly sums while riding. Mead 300 "Marvel" Roadsters £4-19-6 cash 28 other new models, fitted with Dunlop or Hutchinson tyres, to choose from.

Sent direct from factory on wholesale cash or credit terms at pounds below shop prices. PACKED FREE, CARRIAGE PAID, 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

The biggest and most beautiful bicycle bargain book in the world is yours for the asking—*send a post-card NOW.*

Mead
Cycle Co., Inc. (Dept. C750)
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CASH PRICE £4:19:6

Yorkshire Relish

Its flavour stops every mealtime grumble

The Ideal gift at any time

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

6D PER ¼lb

FROM WEAVER TO WEARER

COSTUMES, COATS, FROCKS.
FREE ON APPROVAL.

You can try on free, in your home, a beautiful Costume, or Dress, cut in latest Parisian style, and made from our all wool cloth direct from World-famous Yorkshire looms. Write for **BIG FREE FASHION GUIDE** and Patterns. You will be amazed at the quality and like the pretty styles. If exactly to your taste begin wearing it at once and pay by easy instalments. Absolutely no obligation to buy. We pay postage both ways. **FUR BARGAINS.** Very special bargains are now being offered in fashionable Chokers, Ties, Stoles, Animal Skins and Fur Coats Opossum, Stone Marten, Foxes, Re-Fronts, etc., on approval from 5/- monthly

Est. 25 Yrs.

FROM **6/-** MTHLY

YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE 5/- MTHLY
187, Cross Francis Street, **LEEDS**

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

PAY FOR YOUR WHITSUN SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 7/6 down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
29, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide
Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples.

PRICE ONLY **15/-** PER ROLL OF **72** SQUARE FEET

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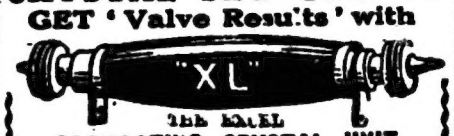
GET 'Valve Results' with



THE MODEL

OSCILLATING CRYSTAL UNIT

An absolutely Permanent Detector. Fitted to any set in 2 minutes.

ACTS like a valve without the upkeep. Supersedes cat-whiskers, etc., and gives much greater volume. Fit one to YOUR set and enjoy perfect reception always. A user writes: "It's now a real joy to listen-in." Hundreds of similar unsolicited testimonials. Fully guaranteed and obtainable only from actual manufacturers:

NICKEL RADIO COMPONENTS (Dept. J.B.), 82, ARLINGTON STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

2/9 Post Free.

SEND NOW 6D. Brings it!

THE "CHRYSOVOX" AMPLIFIER GRAMOPHONE has **No Tone Arm, Sound Box,** or **Horn,** yet it is **louder and clearer than a Cabinet Model.** Handsome nickel fittings, Plush turntable, Strong crocodile leather finish case. **FREE GIFT** of "EVERPLAY" needle, value 5/-, playing 25,000 records. **Yours** for **6d. now.** Pay postman **2/6** on delivery, balance **easy monthly** instalments. Cash price, **23/-.** Satisfaction or money refunded. Send your 6d. **now.**

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"Play the Game" with a Swift Racket

Now is your chance to procure a racket of excellent quality and finish on remarkable terms. Made of Best English bevelled Ash frame. Bound Surgically. Strung with finest quality English green and white cat. Four centre mains. Simply send to-day a deposit of 5/-, with the promise to pay a further 2/6 weekly for 10 weeks. Cash with order, or in seven days, 27/6. State weight required.

ONLY **5/-** DOWN

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We then despatch at once this "Famous Hotspur" Portable Gramophone. Only if fully satisfied with its fine tone and workmanship do you pay 12 further monthly instalments of 5/- (65/- in all; 5 per cent. discount for cash).

SOLID OAK CABINET

13½ ins. deep, 11½ wide, 5½ high. All parts fixtures—simply open up and play. Fitted 2 lever locks, leather handle, special needle clip, space for 6 records, etc. "Hotspur" (Thorens' made) motor, 10in. plush covered turntable, special taper tone arm, high grade Concert Sound Box. Beautifully made and finished. Send 5/- to-day.

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Send for Illus. List Free
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To Measure for *WEEKLY.*
From 32/6

Order your clothes from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. Breeches, Overcoats, Flannels, etc., also supplied.

BOYS' SUITS AND SPORTS' WEAR ALSO ON EASY PAYMENTS.

THE "B. & C." CO.,
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YOURS for 1/6 WEEKLY

World's finest Baby Cars at "REDUCED PRICES."

250 HIGH-GRADE MODELS to choose from. Send at once for Beautiful ART LISTS, selected from the best, and have one of these really High-Grade Carriages sent strictly on approval. If you are not highly delighted, money refunded and carriage paid both ways. Easy Terms to Suit all Pockets.

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Everything good for Baby. Cots, High Chairs, etc.
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NOTE NEW LOW PRICES

72 SQ. FT. *for* **15/-**

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata.

ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

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Dr. Nesper's Latest.

1/6 DEPOSIT

THE DWARF WITH A GIANT'S VOICE. THIS IS A TRUE SUMMARY OF THE NESPER BABY LOUD SPEAKER

FOR TONE VOLUME AND VALUE FOR MONEY THERE IS NOTHING YET PRODUCED TO BEAT IT

Test for yourself by sending 1/6 Deposit, and if perfectly satisfied complete purchase by sending Ten Monthly Payments of 2/- only or 20/- cash with order.

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GRAVES WIRELESS BARGAIN

This highly efficient 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set is the finest Wireless Value ever offered.

10/- NOW

Volume quality of tone unsurpassed. Simplicity itself. Coils for all British wave-lengths CABINET of polished Oak, and components of highest quality. Dull Emitter Valves, with patent valve holders. etc. H.T. Battery, -volt accumulator and complete Aerial Outfit. Loud Speaker of exclusive design with improved mica diaphragm.

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From 1/6 A WEEK — From 55/-

LONDON'S BEST CHOICE. 120 different suits offered

FREE PATTERN RANGES

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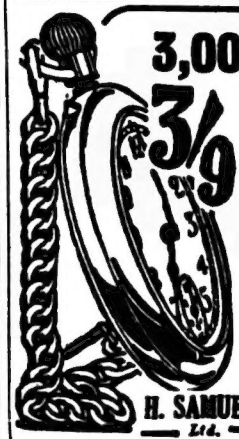
LONDON'S LATEST FASHIONS

3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS



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Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS!! This fine Nickelled Watch fully warranted Post free **3/9**

ONE PAYMENT ONLY. With hand-some chain 4/6

Write now to: (Dept. 189), Market St., Manchester.

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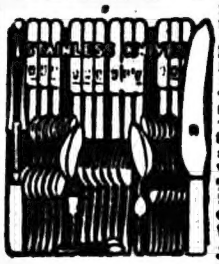
Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes. How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

REAL LINO & LOWER PRICE

Don't buy rolls of inferior disappointing floor covering that will not cover even a small room. Have your Lino floor covering ready cut to size required and save trouble, and with the pattern made to match at joins. Write to-day for free samples of quality, design book and complete cash and credit prices—ask for Set No. 26.

CATESBYS LTD., DEPT. 19. Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.1.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons 6 Dessert Spoons 6 Tea Spoons 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs 1 Jam Spoon 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. 50 pieces 50/-

5/- NOW

Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Complete approval at home.

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81 SQ. FEET for 15/-

Wonderful success of lovely **ARTOLEUM**
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

Artoleum—the world's cheapest and best floor covering—15/- a roll of 81 sq. feet—has had a wonderful reception from the public. The thousands of orders, coming in by every post, have made it necessary to move into new and larger premises the address given below.

Rot proof, damp proof, and durable. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

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MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est 1879.

"GENTLEMEN," Lady's Next Gift, box Silk Lingerie, Garters, Hosiery, Ill. List stp. Dorothy House, 82, Up. Milton Rd., Gillingham, Kent.

YOUNG MAN'S TEMPTATIONS. — T. B. Partington's frank talk to youth on the days and nights of restless and inflammable high tension through which they must pass on the threshold of manhood. See this week's HEALTH & STRENGTH, 3d. all newsagents, 4d. p.f. from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

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Week ending Saturday, May 7, 1927. Twopence. Vol. XLI. No. 1090.

JOHN BULL

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

The Premier Tired.

Mr. Baldwin's worries are telling on him, and he is cancelling many engagements. It is a pity he cannot disregard the extremists in his own Party and go forward in the courage of his own convictions. The result would be happier, both for himself and the country.

The Fight of the Session.

Battle is now fairly joined on the Trade Unions Bill. In Parliament the Government relies on its big battalions, and outside on the public's loathing of legal complexities.

Opposition Hopes.

So badly is the Bill drafted, however, that the Opposition does not despair of shaming the Government into material amendments. "Scenes" are not unlikely.

In Echelon.

The Parliamentary Labour Party has organised itself as never before into fighting groups for sustained and expert attack on every clause. The devastating criticism of Sir John Simon as a lawyer is likely to tell even more strongly.

"Cupping" the Consumer.

Rushed through in the Budget with indecent haste, the duty on china and earthenware is a scandalous abuse of the "safeguarding" device for "backdoor Protection." These rollickers with the housewife's cash might well sing gleefully, "Go where the pots cost more."

"Televisors" for Politicians.

A Cabinet that had itself filmed for propaganda should reflect seriously on the "televisor." The fog of Party hides from politicians the homes and hearts of the people. Political television awaits no patent invention. It needs only imagination and sympathy.

The Tragic Host.

Unemployment mounts. On April 11, the exchanges registered 1,078,300, an increase of 4,541 in a week. That in itself, if the country awoke to the menace of it, is enough to bring a General Election about.

It's Coming.

The disarmament conferences at Geneva have not been a failure. Differences have been reduced to a few perfectly clear points. Mountains have become mole-hills. The job now is to dig out the moles.

Sanity.

The preparation of a treaty prohibiting the use of poison gas or bacteria in warfare is part of the work of the Preparatory Commission of the Disarmament Conference. Only utter imbecility could prevent any nation from signing it.

A One-man Party.

Interest in Liberalism these days too often means interest in the utterances of Mr. Lloyd George. Yet there are younger men full of ideas. All they need is opportunity.

Our View.

Politicians of long standing don't like to give way to younger men. Yet these exist, with refreshing enthusiasms, in all Parties. If they'd all join forces they might find the country solid behind them. Why doesn't some bold spirit take the initiative?

Moving Together.

Employees and employers together at Manchester have discussed the "Human Side of Industry." That's as it should be. It is only when the human side of things is overlooked that trouble is sure to break out.

Still Asking.

The Food Council is still taking evidence from merchants to try to detect profiteering. If they took a basket and went down into any market on any day they'd have enough.

Fishy Facts.

During 1926 the average price received by fishermen was 61 per cent. higher than in 1913, but fish retailed at prices that varied between 106 and 129 above pre-war. It doesn't take us two seconds to decide who got that swag.

Get a Move On.

Profiteering is rampant in the building trade, declare M.P.s with knowledge, and that is why it is nearly impossible for working men to get houses with rents they can pay. There's big trouble brewing unless the ramp is stopped.

Women Wonder.

Why Government economies must always be practised at the expense of education is one of the wonders of the age. With 100,000 women and 60,000 young people on the unemployment registers it is no economy.

Company Manners.

If "manners maketh man," then Gloucester Road, Camberwell, infant school is trying to lead the way. Small pupils are taught good behaviour, which extends to eating and drinking decently. That's why it gets the name "the school with a soul," the sort badly needed everywhere.

£2,000 for a "BULLET"!

AN income for life for a few minutes' work! Turn to page 39 and win a fortune for a few words!

Training Curtailed.

It is folly to cut down grants for training centres. Last year 70 per cent. of the women trained in domestic work and over 89 per cent. of those trained in other specialised courses obtained good work. Money is better spent on training than on the "dole."

They are Trying Hard.

Working girls have raised £10,000 towards a club for business and professional girls in London. Others must help them to complete the sum. Such refuges as large, bright clubs for girls are badly needed in all our cities.

"Meeting" the Need.

Sixty houses are being built at Woking and already there are five hundred applicants. Those who think that building has now caught up to needs should visit Woking. They'd be enlightened.

Bloodthirsty.

The critics of the new sport, greyhound racing with an electric hare, have spilled the beans. They say, "There is something lacking which we cannot explain." We can. Cruel people miss the spectacle of a living creature torn to bloody shreds.

Stop the Brutality.

Young cocks, expensively trained, are being prepared for the cock-fighting season on secluded Yorkshire farms. The brutal "sport" is illegal in this country. Those preparing to break the law must be brought to book.

Common-sense.

"Rest-pauses" are highly beneficial at the time when the maximum output is reached is the conclusion of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board. We agree. But "rest-pauses" enforced by unemployment work havoc. That's a problem no Government has yet adequately handled.

Another Suicide.

So long as crude carbolic acid can be purchased like cabbages from street hawkers, says the West London coroner, so long will people of impulse take their lives. We have constantly urged the same thing.

Tea Tactics.

The Government has missed its way to the hearts of women voters by retaining the 4d. duty on tea. It strikes hardest at the poor. The cup that cheers is turned into the cup that costs.

A Dead Letter.

What has become of the army of inspectors who are supposed to enforce the Ministry of Health's clean meat regulations? One has only to make a round of suburban shops to learn in what a barefaced manner these are broken.

Death Always Lurks.

When the last tub in a train broke away at Sutton Colliery, Notts, William Varley, aged sixty-four, was killed. "Accidental death," but the sort of constant happening that makes mining stand unique as an occupation worthy of more than its present pay.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

The "Inchcape" Rock.

Lord Inchcape, chairman of the P. and O. Company, is supporting the endowment fund now being created by the Company of Master Mariners to the extent of £5,000. He will receive it back in loyal service many times over.

Drastic, but Deserved.

Well might we take a lesson from Queensland, where a reckless motorist found guilty of manslaughter, who drove away without stopping, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment with hard labour. Such penalties here would do much to check the appalling waste of life.

Jaws of Happiness.

The other day a sailor gave £20 to the Middlesex Hospital, where, thirty years ago, surgeons cured him of a fixed jaw. His gratitude is still as keen as it was in 1897. The hospital had made his life worth living. Such thanks as his make hospital workers feel that their life is worth living.

Purblind.

When defending the giving of a contract to a Dutch firm by the Mansfield Corporation, Councillor Pollard remarked that he could not be British at the expense of ratepayers. But doesn't unemployment throw any burden upon the rates? Better to pay men well for working than to keep them in idleness on the "dole."

Short Weight.

Fifty-five ounces deficiency on thirty-seven loaves of bread is a pretty heavy loss, but any gain Norman Carrington, baker, of Norland Road, Notting Hill, might have obtained from his carelessness or intention is more than wiped off by the £10 fine that has been imposed upon him. "And quite right, too," we say.

Mean Exploiting.

Terence William Park, a clerk, gave travellers' jobs to a number of out-of-work young men, and swindled them of about £200. The Newcastle Recorder's description of the frauds as "detestable, deliberate, and designed" leaves little to be added. Being awarded only nine months in the second division, Park got away easily.

Hint from France.

The French have made a £12,000,000 tunnel at Marseilles to link up that port with the great canal systems of the Continent. Abroad they use canals, while ours are gullies of stagnant water. We, the greatest maritime nation, have the worst canals, and, therefore, the dearest inland transport. It is time we took a hint from France.

A Hero's Tragedy.

"Only a Lascar," but he was sick, and Tom Vernon Taylor, of Devonshire Road, Wallasey, his ship's chief steward, decided to take him to a doctor when they touched at Rotterdam. A tram was approaching, and in trying to save the sick man Taylor himself received injuries, which laid him up for months until he died. "Accidental death," but a hero's death for all that.

White Slaver's Best Friend.

The bogus theatrical manager is the white slaver's best friend, but Parliament is too busy to amend the Theatrical Employers' Registration Act to give the police power to stop men from taking companies on tour and leaving them stranded. Girls stranded at Yarmouth had one meal in two days, yet there is nothing to stop the man who left them in the lurch from taking other girls on the road. It is time that M.P.s acted.

Overworked Chaplain.

We sympathise with the Rev. A. K. Chignell, who has refused to tender his resignation as chaplain of Hull Workhouse on the ground that it would not be fair to his successor, unless a full-time man were appointed. Mr. Chignell says that it is impossible to take five funerals a week and respond to fifteen emergency calls day and night, with other work. Even a clergyman should have time to breathe.

Princely Gift.

£300,000 is the neat little sum given by Mr. George Eastman, head of the Kodak Company, to provide London with an up-to-date dental, tonsil and adenoid clinic. He calls it a "mark of his affection and admiration for the British people." Britain will thank him in the same spirit, and the improved health of the thousands of young Britishers who will benefit will be his lasting reward.

Advice Free.

North Camberwell provides a friend for its inhabitants in its Psychological Clinic. In one year it has helped over 6,000 people to solve their problems, ranging over varied human subjects. The unravelling of legal points is gone into by a poor man's lawyer who attends. A J.P. and an M.P. are among those who may be consulted. We think the idea a splendid one, that might with advantage be carried out in other boroughs.

Well-deserved Fine.

For selling and publishing lewd, wicked, scandalous and obscene books, Gilbert Henry Fabres, a bookseller, of Woolstone Road, Forest Hill, has been fined at Greenwich £25. If imprisonment had been added it might have helped the man to think. They who poison the body are murderers it is true, but they who poison the mind of youth are worse. Such infection spreads, and has led to the downfall of nations before now.

Kiddies' Paradise.

By establishing a school for bairns, Sheffield is reducing the risk of any very great number of the next generation becoming human weeds. The physical welfare of the kiddies is to be protected from the age of two, and their training will be along lines which aim to produce the A1 citizen. Folding doors from the classrooms will open out on flower-beds. Some Corporations spend money on senseless things, but Sheffield is wise amongst public bodies.

The Human Machine

Don't Be Had!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

SOMEONE once took a Yorkshireman to the Zoo for the first time, and showed him a giraffe.

He looked at it open-mouthed. He gazed at it long and earnestly, and said nothing.

Then he spoke. "I don't believe it," said he.

We're all a little inclined to be like that Yorkshireman. Whatever we see, we instinctively try to fix a label to it, to ticket it and docket it, and put it neatly away into a ready-made pigeon-hole.

If we find that we can't, if we have nothing in our experience that makes it look familiar, we "don't believe it"!

The other extreme, of course, is to believe everything one sees and hears, to swallow it all down without any thought at all—and on the whole this is the worse fault of the two.

IT is this type of person that falls such an easy prey to the soap-box orator, the scare Press and the confidence trickster of every type.

"Hear all, see all, say nowt," says the old Yorkshire proverb; and it might well have added, "and then go away quietly and think for yourself what is worth while, and what isn't!"

Just because you've never seen a "giraffe" before is no reason for disbelieving it when you do see it.

On the other hand, even the most natural-looking "giraffe" may be a fake—so keep your wits alive!

Keep an open mind and do your own judging. Then you won't be "had" either way.

Wedded Bliss.

Never to have quarrelled during sixty years of married life is the proud boast of Mr. and Mrs. William Prior, of Shepherd's Bush Road, Hammersmith, both of whom are over eighty-three. If only the tact and forbearance each must have used to bring about this happy state could be practised by other couples, there would be fewer cases for the divorce court.

Wants to Work.

We rejoice to hear of an Englishman who regards the "dole" as one of the biggest curses of the country. Mr. William Percy Brown and his wife and eleven children, having failed in getting a living here, have just emigrated to Canada, a free passage having been accorded them. The only tragedy appears to be that a man who can't stand drawing £2 a week for doing nothing is the type we most want in this country.

Worse than Slums.

Whatever the facts of the controversy which has been going on between the vicar of Haughley, Suffolk, and the parish council, it seems clear that the sanitary conditions of the village badly need remedying. It is disgraceful that liquid sewage should be allowed to drain through the main street and that there are cottages with no facilities for draining except through about 2 ft. of pipe into a minute garden.

Worthless Husband.

"It is a scandal that the public should have to keep the wife of a man in good work," said Mr. Gattie, magistrate at Tower Bridge Police Court, of Andrew Swan, Bermondsey, who, although earning £4 a week, left his wife, who went to live with a daughter, and drew 15s. a week from the Southwark guardians. We agree entirely with the order by which Swan is to pay his wife 10s. a week. Southwark ratepayers have plenty of needy cases to absorb their money.

Shirkers.

William Parkin and his wife, of Brocco Street, Sheffield, had between them an income of over £100 a year and no mind to work. In the course of three years, from £266 fraudulently obtained from the guardians, they stocked a confectioner's shop and paid instalments on luxuries for the home. Six months' hard labour does not seem too stringent a sentence for this couple, whose not least crime was to defraud ratepayers probably in a worse position than they.

Quick Work.

A platelayer working near Doncaster on the London and North Eastern main line saw his foreman, Robert Hayes, of Bawtry, struck by the engine of the London express and thrown across the metals. Imagine his feelings on seeing another express travelling towards the injured man. He did not allow emotion to stultify action, however, but rushed and dragged the dazed foreman off the rails, only a second before the train passed. We congratulate this prompt assistant.

Stranded.

About midnight on Good Friday, a policeman, passing through Wrexham churchyard, found seventeen-year-old Pattie Jenkins asleep there. When he woke her she cried and said she daren't go home. She had run away from the situation that had been found for her. Poor Pattie! The magistrate discharged her next day on her promise to enter a home. If only she had been taught that the doors of her own would never be closed to her, this would never have happened.

Sick of the Sea.

The Principal of the L.C.C. School of Engineering, Poplar, where boys are trained for a life on the ocean main, deplores "an absurd prejudice against the sea" on the part of boys' parents. The "absurd prejudice," we point out, is the result of hard facts. Coloured labour is preferred by many of our great shipping companies, and the gutter is the lot of the surplus mercantile marine officer. The school principal had better address himself to the shipping magnates if he wants to remove the "absurd prejudice."

A Lesson.
Eight youths of Rotherham passed the time by stealing twelve detonators and were fined in consequence. But by the discharge of some of their booty one boy lost the sight of an eye, another lost two fingers. We can only trust that the six remaining offenders will take it to heart that the natural consequences of wrong-doing might just as easily in their case have been more terrible than human punishment.

Tragic Family.
With his stepfather unemployed, his mother in hospital with a stroke, a sick child in a home that can boast neither fire nor food, can we wonder that a lad of thirteen admitted at Chester to snatching a bag containing £20 from a woman's hand? He was remanded with a view to being sent to an industrial school. But this cold charity comes too late to remedy a state of affairs which no self-respecting nation ought to tolerate.

Once Enough.
It is said that the Prince of Wales saw a bull-fight in San Sebastian last year, and that the exhibition so disgusted him that he decided never to attend another. Be this as it may, we are glad that His Royal Highness refused to go to a contest which, at the request of the King of Spain, was postponed in order that his visitor might be present. The Prince is so good a sportsman that he knows what isn't sport.

Jack Tar's Wife.
Wives of naval ratings have been victimised at Basingstoke and Reading by a man in plain clothes, posing as a naval rating, calling on them to ask for money on behalf of their husbands ordered to China. His story has been that men have sent him to collect money from wives to come home on leave. Women may well order such a suppliant to tell his story to the marines. Sailors coming on leave are not required to pay their passage.

Limit of Meanness.
In spite of various ingenious excuses, retired Engineer Lieut.-Comdr. Henry Stanbury, of Somerset Cottage, Devonport, failed to convince the Plymouth magistrates that he was innocent of the offence with which he was charged. He was fined £5 for stealing flowers from a cemetery. We can imagine no more contemptible action than that of robbing graves, and how an ex-officer could descend to such meanness passes our comprehension.

What's Up with the C.W.S.?
At Manchester, the Co-operative Wholesale Society has been fined £5 for a breach of the Factory and Workshop Act, as a result of which John Pitchford, oiling machinery at their mills in Trafford Park, was caught up, whirled round and all his clothing torn off until he fell clear, seriously injured. The C.W.S. has always claimed to lead the way in industrial conditions. Why not in fencing machinery? These are matters of life and death and cannot be left to chance.

One Family, One House.
The brightest spot in the illuminating fact that 217,000 new houses have been put up in the last twelve months is the increase in five bedroomed and smaller dwellings. Landlords, too, are encouraged to accept moderate rents for the whole house, rather than charge a high rental, so that the tenant is obliged to sublet part. Like Henry of Navarre, who wished every one of his subjects to have a chicken in the pot, "for each family a house" is our ideal.

More Sunshine.
The erection of two "sunshine schools" with accommodation for 1,076 scholars is a notable achievement of the pioneer work of the Leeds Education Authority. Classrooms, which include those for instruction in science, cookery, laundry and woodwork, all with windows extending from floor to ceiling, are designed to secure the maximum of sunlight and fresh air. What a boon to our crowded cities if all schools were built on this plan.

The Barometer Bounce.
Roger Kendall, whose activities in obtaining money for advertisements to be placed on barometers in local hotels which were never forthcoming we recently exposed, has been sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour at the Isle of Ely Quarter Sessions. His barometers will show rough weather for some time to come.

London Financial Service.
The London Financial Service, Ltd., has sent out circulars saying it has taken control of The Investors' and Underwriters' Corporation, Sentinel House, Southampton Row. It is anxious to dispose of from 1,000 shares in any business approved by it. If the methods to be adopted are those of the London Financial Service, whose transactions from Fleet Street we have frequently referred to, business men should be very careful before parting with any shares.

A Curious Request.
Fred Marsh and Co., Ltd., of Pauline Street, Hindley Green, Lancs, have been advertising for drivers and conductors. They offer a five years' contract at wages commencing at £2 15s. per week rising to £3 15s. 6d., with a forty-eight-hour week and a fortnight's holiday. They even offer to provide applicants with a house, a godsend in these days. It is a pity generous terms of this description should be marred by a request from applicants for a remittance of a guinea "for uniform." Guinea uniforms don't seem to harmonise with the rest of the picture.

Marks' New Move.
Alfred Marks, a "heads I win, tails you lose" type of bookmaker, has adopted a fresh move to get rid of his many old liabilities. We have repeatedly warned readers against this gentleman. People pressing for payment are now answered by Alfred Marks, Ltd., who state: "The company was recently registered and did not take over the liabilities (if any) of the gentleman you mention." To one persistent correspondent they add: "Your threats we ignore, but before you do anything foolish we would advise you to think unless you fall into error." The error has already been made in having anything to do with the concern.

Calcutta Club Sweep.
Although the offer for public sale of sweep tickets is supposed to be illegal under the Lottery Acts, an advertisement has recently appeared in a London morning paper offering under a box-office number tickets in the Calcutta Sweep. Those who answer are replied to by a gentleman claiming the rank of major, offering any tickets required on the understanding that a percentage of any winnings goes to a certain hospital. The Calcutta Club state that this gentleman's name is not in the latest issued list of members, that only members are allowed to take shares, and that no tickets are issued. Those who wish to make a bit on the Derby should try elsewhere.

The Triangle Trick.
A new confidence trick is being worked by three associates in some London suburbs. A receipt generally for seven or eight guineas is obtained from number one, a tailor. Number two takes the suit to a cleaning establishment and receives a voucher. A little time later number three calls for the suit, explains that he has lost the voucher, but describes the goods so accurately that he is given them. Then number two returns, produces the voucher, denies knowledge of number three and threatens a claim for damages. Quite a number of firms have paid out and in one case an assistant has been discharged. This is a case of the Three Unjust Men.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIFT!

"JOHN BULL" PAYS
£250 TO WIDOW

(See page 2.)

Problems of Life

Self-Justification

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A FRIEND of mine, who formerly occupied an important official position, but is now retired, found his record adversely criticised in public not long ago.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Birkenhead

He was being undeservedly blamed for the blunders of his successor.

I said to him, "Ought not the real facts of the case to be stated in the Press?"

"Well," he answered, "I did think of it, but decided to take no action for two reasons.

"First, no letter can be written to which a reply is impossible. Correspondence on the subject would simply lead to an unedifying squabble and settle nothing.

"Secondly, I have lived long enough to know that although the public enjoys a controversy, it takes no real interest in any man's self-justification; and it quickly forgets."

THE true wisdom of my friend's decision is due chiefly to his sense of proportion.

He knows what many people never learn, that outside opinion of himself and his work does not matter so very much.

Those to whom it does matter do not need to be convinced. He would only weaken his case by becoming his own champion.

A French proverb runs, "Who excuses himself accuses himself." There is unconfessed weakness in the bare fact that you are anxious to put yourself right with the world.

One of the commonest expressions on the lips of ordinary folk is, "I owe it to myself to say," or "In justice to myself I must state," etc.

It seldom has any effect. Who cares what you imagine to be your due in the way of talk, or vindication, or praise?

Silence is usually more consistent not only with dignity, but with the respect accorded you by your fellow-men.

There may be occasions when this is not so, but they are few. It is better to be misjudged than to be over-hasty in self-defence.

Often, indeed, a man's detractors do him real service. "Thank God for your enemies; they are of much more use than your friends," W. T. Stead used to say.

I NOTICE with some amusement that whenever a particularly vicious attack is made on Lord Beaverbrook he prints it in full in his newspapers without a word of comment. Perhaps he agrees with Stead.

Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead always hit back—hard. They are dangerous men to provoke, but they never waste time in explaining.

Mr. Baldwin goes on with his work and says nothing, and his method is the best of all.

In every community cowardly slanderers abound who love to hurt if they can do it without danger to themselves.

Punish them if you can, for the sake of a cleaner common life; but never argue with them.

A LUXURIOUS ROGUE

HIGH-FLIER HORNSBY

A Flat for a Mug Hunt

JOHN HORNSBY is a young man who likes to lie in the lap of luxury and live on the fat of the land. He has succeeded in his ambition for a considerable length of time.

But while with him it has been a case of "Roses, roses all the way," those with whom he has had any business dealings have struck a particularly thorny path.

By some means or other, although he is an adventurer pure and simple—not, be it noted, a pure and simple adventurer—he has succeeded in establishing association with people moving in a strata of society which one would have thought well out of his reach.

Hornsby has a preference for the choicest parts of the West End in which to reside and his general tastes and inclinations are those of an epicure.

He has been able to gratify these without troubling about any sordid question of expense by the simple expedient of obtaining all he required on credit, and failing to meet the accounts.

Assuring reference

A few months ago Hornsby, who then gave an address at Eastcote, Middlesex, was anxious to rent a furnished flat at Lexham Gardens, Kensington, and went to interview a firm of estate-agents who had been entrusted by the owner with the task of finding a tenant.

The owner, a lady of good social standing, is moderately circumstanced financially, and though able to keep up a position in accordance with her station, is not by any means wealthy.

As she was going on a few months' visit to relatives in South America she decided to let the flat as the rent would be a welcome addition to her resources.

When the name of John Hornsby was submitted to her she decided to let him have it, largely on account of the excellence of a written reference furnished by a gentleman well known in society, who stated that Hornsby was a respectable and desirable tenant and well able to pay the rent.

Unpleasant legacies

The lady departed, feeling that her flat was in good hands. On her return, however, she was disillusioned as she found that apart from the first payment to the agents, no rent had been forthcoming and the tenant had fled.

Although he had departed, she found that he had left many unpleasant legacies. She was subjected to considerable annoyance by tradesmen calling to collect accounts from Hornsby for goods supplied to him at the flat.

He had traded on the fact that he was a tenant of this lady, whom most of the tradesmen knew.

Evidently Hornsby had obtained all that was possible on credit, and had then left the neighbourhood.

Apart from losing the rent, the lady owner herself settled accounts for electricity and gas used by Hornsby to put an end to being pestered by the collectors.

The butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, fruiterer, wine-merchant and laundryman all had their claims to

Sir Guy Stephenson, C.B., Assistant-Director of Public Prosecutions

prefer against Hornsby, but in addition to these, Hornsby had carried out his little game on a more elaborate scale.

A number of big firms have to deplore their dealings with Hornsby. One day, accompanied by his wife, Hornsby called on a Kensington furrier. They drove up in a smart motor-car and proceeded to examine a number of fur necklets.

Crafty methods

After making a selection, the couple proceeded to quibble on the question of price, and in an inconsequential manner made one or two airy references to "the car" in a manner obviously intended to put the saleswoman off her guard.

Hornsby then produced a cheque-book and when told that cheques were never taken from strangers he waxed indignant, loudly asserted that he lived in Lexham Gardens—wasn't that good enough?—and looking through the window at the waiting car remarked that probably that vehicle would realise sufficient to meet the account if his cheque was not O.K.

This outburst had the desired effect. The cheque was accepted and the goods taken away. The goods had gone, but the cheque came back, marked "R.D."

The furrier went to Lexham Gardens and was shown into a beautifully furnished apartment. He asked for his money and Hornsby was highly indignant at the fact that the cheque had been returned.

Inferring that it was his property, he pointed out the value of the furniture in the room and succeeded in persuading the furrier to again pass the cheque through his account.

This was done, and by the time that it was returned dishonoured for the second time Hornsby had gone.

A big West End Stores was also victimised. Hornsby here ordered a large quantity of provisions and a fairy cycle for one of his children.

Part of these goods was delivered at Lexham Gardens, and part at Hornsby's country residence at Eastcote. Two cheques in payment have been returned marked "R.D."

A man of straw

In another instance, Hornsby pulled up with his car at a big garage at Ealing and, stating that he was assistant-secretary to a large firm in St. Martin's Lane, succeeded in getting tyres and other accessories to the value of nearly £30.

These goods were supplied, and the firm being unable to obtain payment, took the matter to court, where it obtained judgment with costs.

Even then Hornsby did not pay, and the bailiffs were instructed to proceed to the Eastcote premises to distrain, but they found that there was nothing belonging to Hornsby on which to distrain.

One firm which made enquiries through a trade protection society was informed that locally (at Eastcote) Hornsby was regarded as the private secretary of the gentleman who gave the reference. The opinion was also expressed that it was not worth while to take proceedings against him.

In this way Hornsby has contrived to live at the expense of others.

As a matter of fact, he has no right to the name of Hornsby at all. His real name is Edgar Cyril Bredin, who for years has passed under a series of aliases, including those of de Trafford, Bretton and Bratton.

He has obtained goods on credit in this sort of way since 1920 at least, and apart from duping traders by dud cheques has defrauded many hotels, some for quite large amounts.

Constant complaints

He went bankrupt in 1923, and seventeen people deceived by him claimed £500. Of this £250 represented goods supplied, £106 board and lodging and £100 cash advanced. The assets were nil.

Hornsby, who is a heavy gambler, has resided at many addresses with his wife, most of them furnished rooms.

Complaints have been made constantly to the police, and as we have discovered that he is still an undischarged bankrupt we commend the Public Prosecutor to investigate his actions.

It is a legal offence to obtain credit for more than £10 without disclosing that fact, and Hornsby has exceeded that amount on many occasions.

A Pious Debtor

Mash in a Mess

A FEW weeks ago, Mrs. Sheppard, who lives at Kimberley Road, Tottenham, and who is seventy-five years of age, was induced to lend £5 to the "Pastor" of a "Pentecostal Mission." She is having great difficulty in recovering her money.

An early letter to her from the "Pastor" is full of piety.

His last letter opens, "Dear Madam," and threatens proceedings for defamation of character because Mrs. Sheppard went to see his father about him.

He adds a postscript to say that he will "act without further notice" if he hears any more.

Mrs. Sheppard thereupon appealed to us for protection from the threats of this faith-healing borrower.

According to her statement, "Pastor" E. Mash, who is twenty-two years of age, conducted faith-healing services at Lansdowne Hall, Tottenham, a few weeks ago, assisted by "Sister" Lawson.

Tea-cup confidence

Mrs. Sheppard attended one or two of the services, and on one occasion invited Miss Lawson home to tea with her. Miss Lawson asked if "Pastor" might come, too.

While in Mrs. Sheppard's house, "Sister" Lawson confided to her that "Pastor" Mash was in great temporary financial difficulties.

She borrowed a pound from Mrs. Sheppard, and then pressed her to make the one pound into five.

Mrs. Sheppard demurred at this, as the only money she had in reserve was due for rates.

Miss Lawson assured her, however, that Mash would repay her the following week before the rates were due, so Mrs. Sheppard parted with another £4.

Shortly afterwards the services at Lansdowne Hall came to a close through lack of support.

Advice to follow

After much delay and considerable pressure Mash paid two instalments of ten shillings towards the loan of £5.

As no more appeared to be forthcoming Mrs. Sheppard visited his home at Lambton Road, Hornsey Rise.

Learning where his father worked, she telephoned to him, an action which brought a letter of strong protest from the "Pastor," who stated then that "Sister" Lawson had borrowed the money for herself, although he had previously admitted the debt.

Mrs. Sheppard next went to see Mash's father.

He told her that his son was a film operator by trade, but that he had done no work since his "conversion."

We advise Mash to go back to work and earn the money forthwith to pay his debt.

A BAREFACED IMPOSTOR

QUACK IN STOLEN PLUMES

Bones and Bounce

IN the circle of bogus bone-setters, Mr. G. Griffin, of Bower Walk, St. John's Lane, Bristol, appears to be king.

This man claims to have been practising for over thirty-five years in various parts of the country. The only qualification he puts forward is that he once assisted a veterinary surgeon. To his patients, however, Griffin represents himself as a member of a London society of manipulative surgeons.

He states that he has passed examinations under the supervision of Sir Herbert Barker, and that he is working in association with him and also with Mr. A. E. Kennard, the well-known bone-setter, whom he claims as a pupil.

Griffin also tells his patients that he is a pupil of Mr. K. J. Barrah, a manipulative surgeon of Bristol, who is a member of the council of the British Association of Manipulative Surgeons.

About twelve months ago Mr. Barrah heard that Griffin was making these statements about him, and as he had never before heard of this gentleman he decided to call on him as a patient.

Drastic methods

Griffin received Mr. Barrah in his sitting-room, which contained no surgical appliances or equipment of any kind. Mr. Barrah suggested that he had some trouble with one of his knees, which, needless to say, was perfectly sound.

Griffin asked to see the injured knee. He immediately diagnosed the case as one of "doubly dislocated cartilage," and assured Mr. Barrah that the job would take only a few seconds to rectify.

This pseudo-bone-setter then gave his visitor's knee a terrific wrench, after which he commanded him to jump heavily from four steps high on his stairway to the concrete floor of the passage below.

While the treatment was in progress, Griffin said that he had been trained by Mr. Barrah, who was in the habit of sending him his most difficult cases to handle. He also stated that Sir Herbert Barker and himself were great friends.

He demanded half-a-guinea for his treatment and did not turn a hair when his visitor disclosed his identity.

A stiff letter from Mr. Barrah's solicitor, however, appears to have been effectual in preventing Griffin from making further use of his name, but he continued to make free with those of Sir Herbert Barker and Mr. A. E. Kennard.

Decisive disclaimers

According to Mr. Clement Jeffrey, M.A., who succeeded Sir Herbert Barker at Hamilton House, Park Lane, Sir Herbert never had a pupil and never worked in association with any other bone-setter.

Mr. Kennard also declares that he never heard of Griffin until he received a letter recently from one of his victims asking if it were true that Griffin was working in association with him.

We turn now to Griffin's patients, in the hope that the recital of one or two of the many heartless frauds he has practised on poor people in Bristol will bring his sinister activities to effective pause.

Mr. A. E. Garrard, of Lyppiatt Road, Redfield, Bristol, consulted Griffin about his little girl, who is suffering from paralysis. When Griffin examined the child she was wearing a splint on her right leg, placed there by a hospital surgeon.

Promises that failed

He ridiculed the idea that the splint was necessary and removed it, declaring that the girl's spine was out of socket and that he would make her walk in six weeks. He charged Mr. Garrard half-a-guinea for the consultation, another half-guinea for a bottle of embrocation and half-a-crown a visit for three visits a week.

He gave instructions that on no account was the splint to be restored, and said that nobody must apply the embrocation but himself as it was highly poisonous.

For the first few weeks Griffin's visits were regular, then they began to tail off. He excused this by saying that he had been called to London to report to the Society of Manipulative Surgeons on the case, or that he had been called to various Bristol institutions to supervise important cases.

Finally his visits ceased altogether. On the occasion of his last call he stated that the child had had a fit which had undone all his work. The facts are that Mr. Garrard's daughter had not had any fit.

She is still unable to walk, but Griffin told other patients that the child was completely cured.

Another case is that of Mrs. Bryant, of Clouds Hill Road, St. George's, Bristol, an aged woman suffering from paralysis. From this poor woman Griffin demanded £5 before he would take up her case and a fee of 15s. per week in addition.

Altogether Mrs. Bryant paid this man £14 for consultations and treatment, from which she did not derive the slightest benefit.

Sir D. MacAlister, K.C.B., M.D., President of the General Medical Council, which should take steps to stop bogus practitioners professing to act as bone-setters

Mr. A. Harwood, of Newfoundland Road, Bristol, has a boy suffering from infantile paralysis. He engaged Mr. Griffin, but after eight months' treatment, for which Mr. Harwood paid heavily, the child was no better.

Punishment deserved

Yet another case is that of little Jack Roberts, of Windsor Grove, Easton, Bristol, who is suffering from foot trouble. To Mrs. Roberts, Griffin stated that he was working with Sir Herbert Barker and Kennard, and would have to report to them concerning the boy's foot.

He charged Mrs. Roberts half-a-crown a visit, but the boy did not benefit in the slightest degree from his treatment.

We have no hesitation in denouncing this man as one of the most barefaced impostors it has been our misfortune to encounter. We trust that it may not be long before he reaps the punishment he has so richly earned.

A HEARTLESS FRAUD

DUPING THE "DOLE" DRAWERS

JOHN BULL long since declared war on the many frauds being perpetrated on the unfortunate unemployed. Week by week some poor individual's misfortune proves some rogue's opportunity, but for downright inhumanity the tactics of a man named Seymour, alias Hurst, alias Churchman, would be hard to beat.

This individual has not scrupled to rob ex-Service men who were out of work and whose only means of subsistence was what they received from the "dole."

Raising hopes

The hopes of many seekers of honest work were raised by the following advertisement which appeared in a London newspaper:

"Ledger clerk wanted, accustomed to posting, balancing, making out statements, etc. Write stating age, experience, and wages required."

The experience of one individual who answered this is typical.

He received an answer from a firm called Hurst and Stanley, of Gresham Street, styling themselves employment-agents, who offered to find positions on payment of 30s. on appointment and 20s. out of the first week's salary.

Dreadful disappointment

No interviews were required, and were expressly debarred except "by appointment."

The applicant filled in the form of agreement and in reply was asked to call and see G. S. Seymour and Co., Ltd., at an address in Leadenhall Street, where they were supposed to carry on the business of wholesale stationers and printers.

He did so and received a note from that firm that he had been appointed at a salary of £3 10s. per week.

The following day, April 9, he received a letter from Hurst and Stanley pointing out that as he had secured the appointment the sum of 30s. was due to them. He sent this on at once, partly by using "dole" money and partly by borrowing.

Feeling confident about the position he also removed from his old address at South Lambeth to fresh quarters at Camberwell, in order to be nearer his place of employment.

On Tuesday, April 19, the day appointed, he presented himself for work and found some twenty others there, most of whom had paid their 30s. The office was closed and there was no job for anybody.

Useless addresses

This office was a second-floor room which had been rented by Seymour, who gave Hurst and Stanley as reference and paid one week's rent in advance.

He promised to pay the remainder of the quarter's rent on April 19, but remained there a fortnight and left owing rent.

Seymour gave the landlord as his private address a certain number in Holloway Road, which was found to be an accommodation address.

The address in Gresham Street given on the literature of Hurst and Stanley also proved to be an accommodation address, the premises being occupied by a tobacconist whom Seymour has forgotten to pay for the accommodation.

Tricky traps

The head office of the concern was given as Cannon Street, Birmingham, but, of course, no trace of them exists there.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Seymour will soon be brought to book.

He is described as a very small man with a mop of black hair. He is about twenty-five years of age, stutters, and when last seen was dressed in a blue suit, blue trench coat and a bowler hat.

It is time some measure was enacted to protect the workless from both the bogus agency and the employment-with-investment traps.

ROY ROSE'S RUSES

AN "EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY"

Alluring Offers—Disastrous Results

TEMPTING offers are being freely pushed by advertisers. In many cases it is your money they want. Those who have a paying business are not generally eager to share it with others.

"AN exceptional opportunity for a gentleman able to find £300 to £500" was the alluring offer made in an advertisement which appeared recently in the daily Press.

Applicants for details received a reply from a Mr. Roy Rose on the notepaper of a sporting club situate just off the Charing Cross Road.

He made appointments at the club and unfolded his proposition, which concerned a money-making concession that he stated he had obtained in connection with the club itself.

Enquiries show that Mr. Roy Rose during the past few years has frequently had on offer "exceptional opportunities."

One man invested £300 in a betting business run by Mr. Roy Rose in the West End. He was promised huge profits on his money, but after he had parted with it the business made some big losses, as a result of which the investor lost all his capital.

Rough on a partner

The man brought an action against Rose for the return of part of the money paid, but lost it on the ground that he had gone into the business with his eyes open, and, as a partner, had contracted to share in either the profits or losses.

During the hearing of that case this partner, an ex-officer named Hepworth, stated that, owing to physical disability, he was unable to continue his pre-war occupation as a Civil servant and, with the gratuity he received, he desired to enter into a partnership of some description, and answered the following advertisement:—

"Well-established commission agent desires partner with £500 to £1,000 capital, returnable out of first profits; money under own control; weekly salary and share of profits; exceptional opportunity; references exchanged."

Answering that, he got in touch with Roy Rose and an arrangement was made for him to put £300 into the business. The profits were to be shared weekly, and Hepworth was to take 60 per cent. and Rose 40 per cent. until Hepworth's profits amounted to £300, when they were to be equally divided.

Expensive trip

The partnership ended, however, after three meetings at Alexandra Park, Nottingham and Lingfield. At the last-named place Rose declared that the whole of the £300 had been lost.

The ex-officer further stated in evidence that he had nothing whatever to do with the betting-book, and that Mr. Rose himself arranged the actual betting transactions.

Another man from Manchester was induced to seize the "exceptional opportunities" to the extent of over £300. This was rather a high price to pay for a brief spell in the racing world, which was all he got for his money.

He, too, was eventually informed that the punters had beaten the book and the £300 had all gone.

In addition to his "exceptional opportunities" in the way of partnership investments, Roy Rose, otherwise Roy or Royal Raceford, has operated in other spheres.

Three years or so ago Rose promoted a company under the title of the British Pari-mutuel, which was registered with a nominal capital of £50,000. Rose was one of the directors, but his endeavours to attract subscriptions from the public were a lamentable failure, and the company never went to allotment.

A rose by any other name, we are told, would smell as sweet, and the proposals of Rose, whether he is using that name or that of Raceford, or his real name which is Abraham Smith, should be thoroughly enquired into before money is parted with.

Mr Charles Randall, Managing Director and Secretary of the Turf Guardian Society

Mr. Roy Rose is probably sincere in his belief that there is a lot of money to be made from bookmaking provided that sufficient capital is available, but in view of the facts given above, he is certainly, to say the least, optimistic in advertising "exceptional opportunities" for people with £300 to £500.

Not philanthropists

When Rose floated his pari-mutuel company he issued a series of advertisements in which Barclay's Bank was mentioned as the bankers of the concern.

This was entirely unauthorised and action was taken by the bank, as the result of which Rose had to publish a disclaimer.

There has of late been quite an epidemic of "investment" offers in connection with bookmaking businesses, of which the case of Rose is a typical instance.

Bookmakers are not by any means philanthropists, and if any so-called bookmaker advertises an offer to make a fortune for somebody else it should be regarded with the very gravest suspicion.

Only recently we drew the attention of the public to another case in which a number of people had entered into similar partnerships, with the result that they lost their money.

SLIPPERY SILVER

BANKRUPTCY DISCLOSURES

Traders Cruelly Treated

BUSINESS is bad enough without honest traders being robbed by those who give orders, but fail to pay for the goods. Strict enquiry should be made before credit is given

THE proposed new Companies Act will doubtless do much to check frauds and abuses to which JOHN BULL has been calling attention for years past. There is, however, another kind of "firm" which will be left totally untouched.

Any shady person or persons can start business as "Smith and Co." or in any other name by the simple expedient of paying 5s. and filling in a form at Somerset House under the Business Names Registration Act. They are not affected in any way by the company laws, and have chosen a high-sounding name and an imposing address.

Easy way of business

These individuals do business on the very lucrative plan of paying nothing for what they buy, drawing cash for what they sell, and then quietly shutting up shop when creditors become too pressing.

The authorities are inundated with complaints of this kind of thing, a notable example being a concern called J. Ladwitch and Co., with an office in Oxford Street, London, the ostensible purpose of which was to deal in silks and satins and various articles of finery.

This establishment was controlled by two individuals named Lewis Ladwitch and Jack Silver, the latter of whom is quite an interesting character who has exercised considerable ingenuity in keeping his present whereabouts a secret from his former business acquaintances.

Ladwitch commenced operations in the early summer of 1926, and during a busy eight months managed to secure some hundreds of pounds' worth of silks, satins, and other expensive fabrics from trustful British traders and manufacturers.

None of these goods were paid for, and the firm then failed dismally.

Silver at once made himself scarce with as much of his namesake as he could lay his hands on. Ladwitch stayed to face the music, and to his credit it must be said that when creditors finally placed his firm in bankruptcy, he gave the court officials all the assistance that lay in his power in unravelling the somewhat intricate financial dealings of the company.

Silver's golden methods

In the course of the explanation he made some caustic and enlightening references to the actions of the absconding Silver.

One statement of his, which should be thoroughly investigated in official quarters, was that Silver obtained a large supply of goods from one particular firm, disposed of them in the name of Ladwitch and Co. and devoted two-thirds of the proceeds to his own use.

No time should be lost in tracing Silver and forcing him to give some explanation of his conduct.

Then there is Mr. Abraham Oberman, of Old Street, London, E.C., who was in business as a manufacturing furrier. The extent of his furrier manufactures is open to question, but there is no doubt that as a manufacturer of debts he was an outstanding success.

Unavailing order

Some four or five months ago this type of manufacture ceased owing to the lack of raw material in the shape of credit, and Mr. Oberman failed with substantial liabilities.

He could give no intelligible account of how he came to contract his many debts, and in December was ordered by the court to furnish a properly compiled statement of his affairs, but was unable to do so.

He has gone—probably in search of Silver or more silver—and in this case, too, the police should get busy.

Apart from these absconding debtors there are many others who, although they stay to face their bankruptcy proceedings, deserve the greatest possible censure for their business methods.

One is Mr. Hyman Marks Fisher, of Bedford Square, Mile End Road, who came from Vienna to London, and started business as a manufacturing furrier.

He eventually failed with huge liabilities, to meet which he had total assets of £53 from which his creditors received the magnificent sum of exactly one penny in the pound.

Cheap book-keeping

According to his story, his son one day went off to Manchester with goods to the value of £2,600 for the purpose of sale, but he never came back.

Fisher, junr., had, according to this story, only written one letter since, and that was from New York. In all Marks Fisher failed to account for goods to the value of £4,000 in circumstances of great suspicion.

He could neither read nor write, and the only ledger-keeping ever done was by a boy, who received 5s. a week for his labours.

A glaring example of goods obtained for credit and sold for cash is furnished by Stephen Eric Waldron, who traded at Edgbaston, Birmingham, with disastrous results to other people. He obtained goods from honest traders worth £3,239, and sold them for £2,087, pocketing the money.

Traders should make the most stringent enquiries before giving credit. There should, however, be some stringent punishment provided for those who obtain goods without payment where there is no reasonable likelihood of their ever being able to pay for them.

DISGRACEFUL ADMIRALTY BLUNDER

DIRTY WORK AT THE DOCKYARDS

Economy Gone Mad

IN the sacred name of economy the Admiralty is behaving in a particularly mean way with a number of its old dockyard employees.

As in all other official cases economy starts at the bottom, for after all, it is much easier to kick into the gutter a dockyard labourer with thirty years' service than it is to take similar action with one of the Admiralty brass hats.

After all, however, the Admiralty is supposed to be the servant of the public, and the great British nation will not at all agree with the policy which has been observed in handing out discharges, which seems to have been to select old-established servants and get rid of them just prior to becoming eligible for a pension.

Employed in the dockyards at Sheerness, Devonport, Portsmouth and Chatham are 11,800 men on the permanent roll, officially known as established.

Fierce flat

This Easter has brought dismay into the ranks of these men, as the flat has gone forth that the services of fifty-four of them are to be dispensed with. This order has hit with particular severity the men engaged at Chatham, where thirty-eight hands have received notices of dismissal.

This sop to the economists has been carried out with the greatest offensiveness in that in every case the reason for dismissal is given as inefficiency.

In order to make the move for economy more efficacious may we suggest that the person in charge of the yard who has kept on his staff for thirty years a man who is inefficient should himself be rather drastically dealt with?

Meetings of protest were organised and such pressure brought to bear that in thirteen of the thirty-eight cases the orders were withdrawn. One other has died, leaving a total of twenty-four under notice.

The injustice to which these men are being subjected cannot be better exemplified than by giving a few instances, although for obvious reasons we do not publish names.

Insult to injury

One man is now fifty-nine years of age, has thirty-three years' service, and in a few months would have been automatically retired for pension. He is a shipwright and his overseers describe him as a very useful man. Yet his notice is endorsed "Incompetent and slow, but willing."

Another man, also fifty-nine years of age, has served for thirty-two years. For many years he was in charge of a highly technical instrument known as a scrive-board used for laying down the lines of a ship, and yet he is discharged as "Not fully capable."

A shipwright of fifty-seven, married and with children, has thirty years' service, fifteen established. His fellow-workers declare him to be willing and hard-working, even while under notice, the ostensible reason for which is "Incompetency."

Another married man, dispensed with on the same grounds, is fifty-eight years of age, has thirty-one years' service and has been established for twenty-two-and-a-half years.

A ship's fitter of forty, who has been established ten years, served his "hired" time previous to establishment at Chatham and Invergordon and *on account of his great efficiency was recommended for a charge hand.* Yet he is now dismissed as inefficient.

Sudden discovery

A widower with two children, who has been established for ten years, and was transferred from Rosyth to Chatham fourteen months ago, has his discharge notice endorsed "Services not entirely satisfactory."

The outstanding fact in connection with all these, and many other instances which could be quoted, is that all the men have for years been working without complaint, and are suddenly found to be no good.

Not only do these men forfeit pension rights, but by reason of being on the Admiralty establishment they are not entitled to any unemployment pay, and the only thing in front of them is assistance from the guardians or admission to the workhouse, an astounding return for years of faithful service.

During the many years these employees had to serve as temporary hands they had to pay contributions under the national unemployment insurance scheme, but on being admitted to the establishment they ceased to come under that scheme and lost all they had paid.

The matter is being taken up by trade union circles, but here again these men are under a big handicap. Very few of the established have ever belonged to any trade union, regarding themselves as in permanent employment and hardly likely to be in any need of assistance.

Sir Gerald Fairfax Hohler, K.C., M.P., Conservative member for Gillingham, who is placing the men's grievances before the Admiralty

This has, on more than one occasion, proved of the greatest possible advantage to the Board of Admiralty during labour disputes, for while the trades unionists employed have obeyed the orders of the unions to down tools the established men have remained and carried on.

Justice demanded

Whether these discharged men's pensions will be entirely lost is still being argued, but in any event the amount will be seriously affected on account of the reason given, although the men themselves contribute 2s. per week out of their pay of 59s. or £3 per week, which is actually less than the unestablished man gets.

This matter demands drastic enquiry. What we demand from the Admiralty is not an act of grace, but an act of justice.

Treated as a Pauper

Scandalous Case of Ex-Soldier

SUFFERING from tuberculosis as a result of his war service, F. R. Marflitt has not only been unable to obtain a pension, but has only been able to obtain treatment at Poor Law institutions.

Marflitt, who is a painter by trade, joined the Army in 1916 and was then in good health. He was three times wounded in action and was discharged in December, 1918. Subsequently he developed tuberculosis and pleurisy.

Baffling conclusion

He was examined by the tuberculosis officer, who gave a certificate that his illness was due to war service. He went before a medical board, which reported: "The man has suffered impairment in health since entry into military service.

In addition, Dr. Chambers of Doncaster, Marflitt's private medical attendant, certified that his health prior to joining up was very good.

Yet the Ministry of Pensions declared that it could not connect the illness with his war service, a decision confirmed on appeal.

In 1920 Marflitt was granted a 100 per cent. disability pension for twelve months, which was discontinued at the end of seven weeks. That year he was for fifteen weeks in the Sheffield Sanatorium, following which he was out of work for twelve months.

Doleful record

In 1922 he was for six weeks in Leeds Infirmary and fourteen weeks in Leeds Sanatorium, after which he was again unemployed for three months.

In 1923 Marflitt was for six weeks in the Derbyshire Sanatorium at Chesterfield, and since then has been unable to do any work. In 1925 he spent twenty-three weeks in the sanatorium at Sheffield, and since then has been a patient at the Ecclesall Poor Law institution at Sheffield.

The case of Marflitt is one of glaring injustice and even now something should be done to remove him from the stigma of pauperism.

A Widow's Sad Plight

Shocking Civil Flying Scandal

MR. ARNOLD KEENE was an air mechanic who lost his life in an air crash last September. Together with the pilot and a woman passenger, he died through injuries sustained in the blazing machine.

It is extremely disquieting to find that his widow and two young children are living in actual want. As he was hauled from the blazing machine, despite his terrible sufferings, his first thoughts were for his wife. His words, "My poor wife," were more justified than he thought.

It is surely the duty of the Air Ministry to see that all civil flying firms are in a position to pay compensation to their employees or that they take out insurances to do so.

Close-fisted company

In the case of Keene, who lived at Chertsey, Surrey, the employers were the Southern Counties Aviation Company of Brooklands, from whom the distressed widow has not been able to secure one penny piece.

Mr. G. V. Peck is the proprietor of the company and, according to enquiries which have been made, he is not likely to be of much assistance.

A scandal to stop

Several judgments have been registered against Mr. Peck and he has also given a bill of sale. The effects of his hanger were advertised as for sale by auction.

The sale did not take place, however, as the goods were claimed under the bill of sale.

A widow and two children cannot be expected to live long on £41, the proceeds of a benefit concert, for that is the plight of Mrs. Keene, her only other means being a widow's pension of 18s. per week.

We wonder if Mr. Peck had the foresight to insure his aeroplanes. This case is a scandal and the civil air authorities should do something to safeguard the interests of these men. The havoc in lives wrought by flying is appalling enough, without leaving poor widows and children to starve.

Love's Etiquette

demands a clean mouth and sweet breath

THERE need be no question now of immaculacy. Timely use of Wrigley's delightful inexpensive chewing sweets removes the last faint trace of eating and smoking, giving the mouth that perfect cleanliness which meets modern ideas of good taste.

Wrigley's aids digestion too and helps keep teeth sound and gums firm.

No other sweet is so beneficial, or costs so little.

B.H. 16

The match that was won at the breakfast table

Bill had challenged Dad to a 36 holes match. Dad shouldn't have bragged about feeling as if he were about twenty, anyway, and "ready to knock spots off any of you kids." St. Andrews never saw a more exciting game. Dad made it all square at the 34th. Both took 5 for the next and halved it. Now the last hole! Dad is over the brook and on to the green in 2. Bill takes 3. Dad, with a keen eye and a stance like Gibraltar, coolly holes a twelve yard putt—and wins!!

"A jolly good game!" murmured Bill, as they walked back to the club-house. Perfect Health makes these two the best pals in the world. They know the joy of living. Not only for games; but for the day's work as well.

Some folks might wonder how Dad is able to keep in step so easily with boyhood's hurried stride, but he's found that it's his breakfast table that will make or mar his enjoyment of life. In short, *he knows the Grape-Nuts secret!* For his breakfast, every day, he eats Grape-Nuts, which contains the vital energy-giving elements which the body must have if it is to be sound, healthy and energetic. Not only that—Grape-Nuts undergoes a special baking process which renders it easily digestible. It is a crisp food—one you will like to chew, giving the teeth and gums the exercise they need to keep them firm, sound and healthy.

Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a most delicious food, with a rich nutty flavour which everyone likes. Get a package from your grocer and try it for breakfast tomorrow morning, or post the coupon below and we will send you *two* sample packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts, and "A Book of Better Breakfasts" by Mrs. D. D. Cottington-Taylor, A.R.S.I., the famous Health and Cooking expert. It contains delightful menus which will help you to form the habit of more healthful breakfasts. Send it now!

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supplies the body with:

Energy-producing dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates.

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Protein for muscle and body-building.

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Post Toasties, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes.

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5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by Mrs. D. D. Cottington-Taylor, A.R.S.I.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please write VERY plainly!)

—Do you know the Grape Nuts Secret?

"PROPAGANDA" was the word that made the devil chuckle when he coined it, and some of the efforts of our "internationalists" must make him roar with cynical laughter!

Satan's Soap Box

by **ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT**

I HAVE been reading Commander Hilton Young's poem "Gethsemane," and one verse I cannot get out of my mind. The whole world was Christ's parish. He loved—and died—for *all* men.

"And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
They saw with love most passionate
The village street at Nazareth."

The Christ was a *true* internationalist. The village street—the home—have no part in the cant of the modern internationalist, who in his comings and his goings defiles his own threshold; who cries his mother's shame in the market-place and in his own eyes acquires merit.

He traduces his own country in order to praise another. He stabs his own country in the back in order to show that he places principles—his principles—above patriotism.

He sides with any and every country against his own in order to advertise his "broad-mindedness."

He tramples on the Union Jack in order to express his love for the Red Flag.

Renegade rubbish

It is not genuine internationalism: love for *all* countries, including one's own. It is the internationalism of the renegade: love for all countries except one's own.

I would rather believe in the internationalism of a man who loves the street or the town in which he was born than in that of a man who regards patriotism as a something deserving of spittle and scorn and the Union Jack as a sin-soaked rag fit only to wipe the mud from the hob-nails of the proletariat.

I listen to speeches by men of the left wing of Labour, the real driving force inside the Party, and by Communists, the real driving force behind the left wing. I read their propaganda.

Patriotism, to them, is an emotion that is inimical to the growth of the wider creed of internationalism and so must be rooted out by all good internationalists.

Good internationalists? I could make a better internationalist out of a cheese-paring after dinner.

They fail utterly to realise that it is possible for an Englishman to hope for the rebirth of China and to sympathise with the enlightened Chinese who are trying to bring their country safely through the pangs of birth without repeating from platforms and at street corners the vile slander that our country and our people are responsible for every mistake and every outrage committed by every Chinese and foreign devil in the Celestial Land.

They do not realise that an Englishman can understand and sympathise with Gandhi and those who now overshadow him without repeating on platforms and in the Press the foul lie that the people of India are poor and are kept poor by British rule.

Foul lies

These and other lies about the British and British rule are coined in the hope that constant repetition will cause at least some people to believe them. And some people do.

Of course they are not "lies"; they are "propaganda."

"Propaganda" was the word that made the devil chuckle when he coined it.

It is part of the cant of internationalism to assume that British rule is necessarily tyranny and exploitation.

The propagandists are handicapped here because they know that every intelligent person who listens to them knows that far from living under a tyranny any Englishman can, so far as the law is concerned, do almost anything he wishes to do that does not infringe on the rights of others, save that he must not buy beer in the morning or cigarettes or sweets after curfew.

The only legal tyranny of which we have experience is the tyranny of the grandmother or the maiden aunt.

Under which flag?

The propagandists, therefore, have to fall back upon stories of oppression or exploitation in India or China or Africa—the particular country doesn't matter very much so long as the people in the audience don't know enough about it to contradict the statements the speakers make.

Why in the world should the people of London be asked to respect and admire the flag under which the Chinese battalions of the Red Army of Soviet Russia serve, and at the same time to throw mud at the flag under which their own regiment, the Royal Fusiliers, march?

Why should the children of Glasgow be taught to love the Red Flag and hate the colours of the Cameronians?

What is a patriot that we should be asked to regard him as a rogue or a fool? What does the Union Jack stand for that we should have to hate it?

What does the Red Flag stand for that we should love it?

These are questions that will have to be faced and answered by the responsible leaders of Labour if they are ever to secure and keep the confidence of the majority of the people.

I know that there is a cant of patriotism as well as a cant of internationalism. A noble passion has been exploited by shampatriots for ignoble ends.

Playing the game

But the majority of our people, inarticulate though they may be, do care for their country honestly and sincerely. They do think that England is a country to be proud of and not to apologise for.

They know that the Union Jack is the flag of an Empire that grants more liberty and exercises a wider humanity than is the case with any other State.

They know that it is the flag of a democracy so broadly based that its highest executive offices are open to the labourer's sons as well as to the lord's sons, and membership of its Parliament more easily gained by trade union officials than by idle rich.

They know that, however dimly or blunderingly, this country does pursue righteousness as a State. They know that it tries to play the game. They know that the under-dog in this country gets a fairer show than in any other country in the world, however much remains to be done.

They know that they have reason to be proud of England, both for what it has been and what it is, whatever heights or depths the future may hold.

All these things the responsible leaders of Labour know and admit.

Yet at every meeting they address in the country the red flag of revolution is waved and

Mr. Arnold Freeman Holt

"The Red Flag"—the most dreary of alleged battle-songs—is sung.

The Empire is never mentioned without a sneer or the Union Jack without an insult.

The responsible leaders of Labour don't wish for that disruption of Empire which the fake internationalists preach. They don't desire revolution. They prefer the Union Jack to the Red Flag.

Policy of funk

They do not think it a sign of intellect to profess love for the people of a country they don't understand rather than for the people of their own country.

They know that the internationalist phrases that are bandied about are cant phrases—but they haven't the pluck and courage to say from their own platforms, in plain words, what they really think.

Until they get courage, they will never get the majority of the people behind them.

When they have pluck enough to say what they think of the Red Flag and all that it stands for when they see their own followers waving it at their own meetings, they will be thought more of.

When they have pluck enough to avow their faith in the Empire in face of followers who would disrupt it, they will command more respect and sympathy.

When they are not afraid to proclaim their pride in our national achievements—then, and not till then, they may hope to become, not merely leaders of a section of the people, but leaders of a people.

"Curse and carry on"

Even then we shall not be spared the cant of the internationalists. We shall still get unsolicited advice on the remodelling of the State from people who could not reorganise—successfully—a marine store.

We shall still hear whining complaints of tyranny from the people who deny to their opponents the right to work and freedom of speech; who regard liberty as the right to terrorise—through their dupes—women and children by means of broken windows and intimidation, and whose "comradeship" is cant and whose "brotherhood" is meanness mixed with brutality.

Still, we can disregard them if the real Labour leaders will but "curse and carry on."

Snap them with this FREE Ensign Camera

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If you begin smoking Bar One Cigarettes now, you will have plenty of time before the holidays to save enough coupons for this splendid roll-film Ensign Camera with two view finders.

Incidentally Bar One Cigarettes will save you twopence on every packet you buy—another consideration when holidays are approaching.

Try Bar One. When you have satisfied yourself (as you certainly will) that they are wonderful value for the price, just carry on, and the Camera will seem to come in a jiffy. And meanwhile send the coupon for the Wonder Book of Free Gifts.

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MR. V. PITBEY, *writes:*—

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

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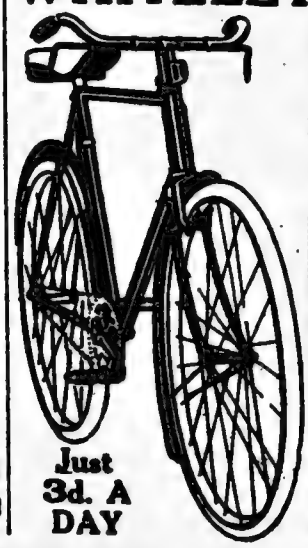

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Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Ministry of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Your assurance that there is no likelihood of any serious reduction in the number of workers employed at the Arsenal during the current year will be welcomed by the people of Woolwich, though thinking men would rather see every one of them absorbed in productive pursuits than in destructive ones. However, it is vital that there shall be no increase in unemployment, and I trust, with you, that the nation's finances will soon permit the pension scheme to be carried into full effect. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD DERBY, K.G., G.C.V.O., Derby House, Stratford Place, W.

MY LORD,—Your methods are typically English. Instead of throwing back uncomplimentary remarks at the head of the famous American, Senator Borah, whose criticisms of this country have been anything but kind, you invite him to pay you a visit, and assure him of a hearty welcome. I trust the Senator will avail himself of this opportunity to judge us at close quarters. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD ROBERT CECIL, Grosvenor Square, W.

MY LORD,—An optimist is a refreshing phenomenon in these days, and when he speaks on so vital an issue as disarmament, he is doubly so. You find that the preparatory Disarmament Commission has carried out the chief part of the work it set out to do, that the "differences" between the various nations are after all not insurmountable, and that disarmament is a perfectly practicable policy. It will be an alive and progressive policy just as soon as the people behind the various members of the Commission realise its necessity if they are to continue to exist. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour JUDGE ROWLANDS, Bridgend County Court.

DEAR SIR,—When you granted seventeen eviction orders against miners living in houses belonging to Kenfig Homes, Ltd., you expressed surprise that the Ministry of Health would not reduce the rate of interest. That colliery labourers, whose wages in full times are only £2 8s. 4d. a week, should be expected to pay £1 a week for rent is absurd, and the possibility of making up arrears is nil. But when you blame the deficit on to the recent "strike" you are less happy. The coal dispute was a lock-out—for which the labourers, at any rate, were not to blame. JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel TURNBULL, Commissioner of Police, City of London.

DEAR SIR,—You suggest that the Legion of Frontiersmen should form mechanical transport sections of the special constabulary for the bad time "which must come." Why? At the end of the general strike no one was more emphatic than the workers themselves that they had engaged in such a false step for the last time. It would be better to live and act in the spirit of one honourable man accepting another's word, rather than make preparations for purely visionary trouble. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. JUDGE ATHERLEY-JONES, K.C., Newcastle Sessions.

DEAR SIR,—The spirit in which our judges take their duties is happily very different to that obtaining twenty-one years ago. Then criminals were looked upon as reptiles to be put out of the way and punished, often with cruel severity. Now, as you very truly say, that bad principle has been replaced by a better. The wrongdoer is looked upon as a fellow-human to be redeemed. Moreover, it is not forgotten that he may be a victim of society, which all too often fails to give the underdog a chance. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JAMES MURRAY, D.L., Buckingham Gate, S.W.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—You are of those wise benefactors who realise that man cannot flourish on bread alone, in proof of which you have presented many valuable pictures to the Aberdeen Art Gallery. Now you have intimated your intention of giving £5,000 to this institution. Since a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, generations yet to come will bless your name. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. REYNOLDS, Eastbourne Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—When an application was made for an extension of licence in connection with a Froth Blowers' function, you expressed the view that people were not so anxious to help the waifs and strays as to obtain an extra hour for drinking. This is not the first time you have gratuitously insulted a worthy movement, but I will content myself with reminding you that it is generally men who know how to be jolly who know also how to be charitable. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. TOM SYKES, Free Church Missioner, Mansfield.

DEAR TOM,—You find the British working man sound, loyal and industrious, a fellow who would rather do honest work than take unemployment benefit. This is a true analysis of British character. The idea of it being forced down to a lower level by unemployment and irritating legislation is maddening. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor JOSEPH MACLEOD, Inverness.

DEAR SIR,—In helping your town council to turn down the application of the local Trades Council to hold a May Day demonstration on Sunday, May 1, you professed your inability to understand the mentality of people who try to "abuse" the Sabbath. Read your New Testament. There you will find that the Founder of the Christian religion had every sympathy with those who toil, and thought it no harm to speak of everyday matters, even on the Sabbath. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HERBERT ROLLETT, Grimsby.

DEAR SIR,—Talent will out, nor does real ability wait for any special or golden opportunity. You get your living by selling grocery; but, entirely self-taught, you practice art in your leisure. How well you succeed is proved by pictures accepted for the fourth successive year by the Royal Academy, and hung in prominent positions at that. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. SPENCER, Bolsover Company, Notts and Derby.

DEAR SIR,—You aim at "a pooling of brains for mutual advantage" in the coal industry, to which end it has been decided to hold periodical conferences consisting of masters and men to discuss the state of trade, prevention of waste, reduction of risks, conditions of labour and wages. It is hoped that this policy will be adopted in all centres. If it is, I am convinced that it will be to the benefit of the nation as a whole. Arbitration is the only sensible weapon for reasonable men. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"Landed estates that outwardly look firm as the Rock of Gibraltar are vanishing through the sale room."

Land cannot vanish, and that is why it is worth while to work to get it freed for the people.

• • •

LORD DERBY:—"We are excessively poor, but we are exceptionally honest."

And ridiculously patient, or we should never consent to be made excessively poor.

• • •

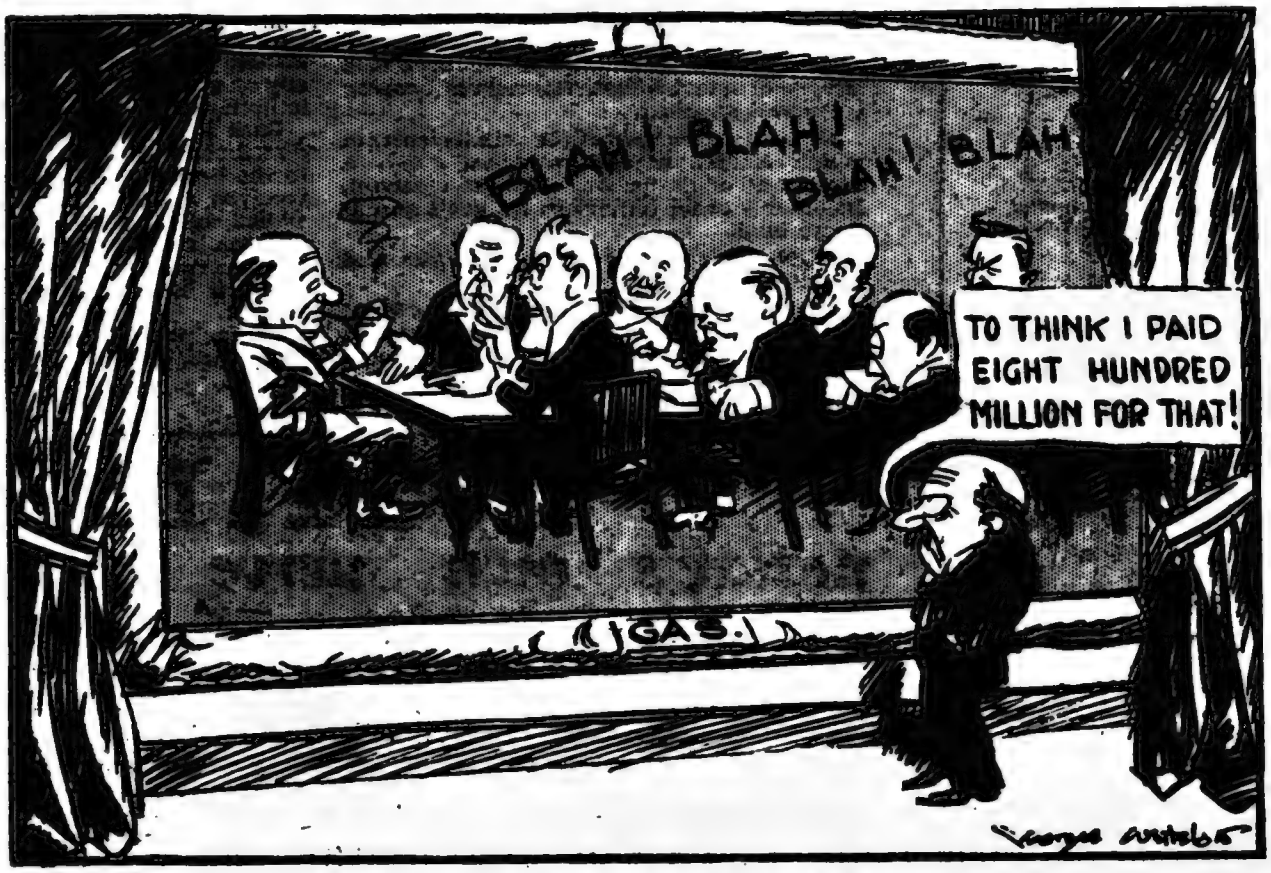
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—"Those who believe that big guns make for security are doing the devil's work."

And it follows, as light the dark, that all with eyes to see it should do all they can to prevent it.

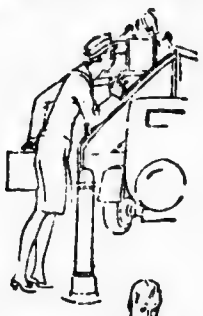
• • •

MUSSOLINI:—"Only those who work and produce should have the vote."

That would cut the ground from under a lot of your admirers if applied in this country.



A Picture not in this year's Academy



To NONN LIMITED, 45 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

Please send me free and post free a full-sized bottle of NONN—Nature's Own Nerve Nourishment.

Mr. Mrs. Miss.....

Address.....

.....*County*.....

Please write in pencil. Postage ½d. in open envelops. J.7-5-27

10,000 3/- bottles of Nonn free to sufferers from nerves

EVERY nervous subject knows only too well how difficult it is to throw off the black cloud of fears and illusions which his weakened and strained nerves have woven about him. Yet nervous people are invariably intelligent—in fact their nervous trouble is frequently the price paid for their highly developed mental power. It is to these victims of our intense modern life that NONN makes its appeal. NONN comes to them not as a cure-all or a secret remedy, but as a perfectly natural treatment for a malady which is as much mental as physical. The claims which NONN makes are open to the most exhaustive examination. NONN is not a miracle worker, but it has restored and will restore to nervous people their full nervous health and mental vigour.

This, briefly, is the story of NONN.

Nature creates in the glands throughout the body the food from which the nervous system draws its strength. Without this supply of nourishment the nerves become tense and strained.

NONN is composed of the actual elements which Nature herself produces daily in every one of us for our nervous systems. In other words, NONN is Nature's actual nerve food.

NONN is free from drugs, narcotics and chemicals.

Everyone must realise that a world of difference exists between the nervous systems of Men and Women ; in symptoms, intensity and expression. Nature herself feeds these two nervous systems from elements essentially different in themselves.

NONN follows Nature slavishly, and has a distinct preparation according to Nature for the nervous system of men, and a preparation quite different for the nervous system of women.

Worry, feelings of exhaustion, inability to think clearly, dread of failure, dread of impending disaster, dread of ill-health, morbid fears of all kinds are *symptoms* of nervous exhaustion, and are only Nature's beneficent warnings of impending breakdown. Nature is merely asking for aid for the exhausted nervous food supply from the glands—NONN is the response for which Nature asks.

NONN goes to the root of the trouble and sends through the blood-stream the nourishment for which the tortured and unstrung nerves are dying. NONN is the ally of sunshine and blue sky : its influence is both mental and physical.

Such is our faith in NONN that we are distributing 10,000 full-sized 3/- bottles to the senders of the first 10,000 coupons received at our offices. This will enable 10,000 sufferers from nerves to have a full 15 days' course of NONN free. We know that the result will be so definitely successful that they will all become users of NONN.

If you would be one of the fortunate recipients, send the coupon off at once.

Nonn

nature's own nerve nourishment

For Neurasthenia, Nervous Breakdown, Mental Unrest, and all forms of Nervous trouble.

Nonn for Women Blue packets

From all **3/-** *Chemists.*

Nonn for Men Red packets

NONN LIMITED : 45, GORDON SQUARE : LONDON : W.C.1

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE GREAT BETS FARCE

A MONUMENT OF HUMBUG

Injustice All the Way

WHEN are we going to have a Government strong enough to take up an honest position in regard to our unequal, antiquated betting laws? As they stand at present they are a monument of hypocrisy and humbug.

While the Chancellor of the Exchequer is endeavouring to raise some six millions by his betting tax, the law declares that except in a few special cases betting is illegal. The result has been that a good deal of betting that has hitherto taken place in a legitimate way has now been driven to the men who carry on the illegal ready-money business.

If you make a ready-money bet in the street it is an offence, but if you use a street telephone-box to make a bet with a credit bookmaker that is quite legal!

The greatest injustice is, however, that betting debts are not recoverable. JOHN BULL receives scores of complaints from punters who have had dealings with dishonest bookmakers who, after receiving pounds of the client's cash, refuse to disgorge when the boot is on the other leg.

There are, of course, also dishonest layers whose interest in the betting game is confined to the old game of getting something for nothing, and the honest commission-agent not only has no legal means of getting his money, but *having accepted the bet has to pay tax on it* although he has received nothing.

SUCH a state of affairs is unfair and un-British. Betting may be right or it may be wrong, but it cannot be right in one place and a crime in another.

A man of means able to open a credit account with one of the big firms can bet without let or hindrance; the working man who puts his bob on his fancy is guilty of a misdemeanour, and the poor devil trying to make a living by street bookmaking is liable to heavy fines or imprisonment.

Credit transactions, which are the only portion of betting taxed, are only a small part of a huge business. Street betting is flourishing to a greater extent than ever, and frequent prosecutions have proved that it is an utterly impossible task to stamp it out.

A law which cannot be enforced—and it is admitted that the betting laws cannot—should be abolished or amended.

This ridiculous state of affairs applies both to racing and to an ever-increasing extent to football. Practically every works and office runs sweepstakes not only on the big races but on the weekly football fixtures. It is all "illegal," but no British Government will ever have the ability or pluck to stamp it out.

BOOKMAKERS also have agents in all the great places of business, who not only accept bets on races, but issue weekly betting-slips on football matches. A huge amount of money is turned over by these means on the ready-money system, and is winked at. It is against the law, and is thoroughly well known to the police, who are powerless to prevent it.

If betting is to contribute to the national revenue here is a big field getting away scot-free. But if it contributed it would make betting legal to those not of the elect, and that would never do!

The position is the height of priggishness. Either betting should be wiped out or made absolutely legal, with, of course, adequate safeguards and the licensing of bookmakers carrying power to recover debts.

When are we going to have a Government with sufficient backbone to do either?

All parties on this question up to the present have shown a weak-kneed policy and endeavoured to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare.

The greatest indictment of the present law lies in its glaring anomalies and unfairness.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose betting-tax has produced glaring anomalies

THE BLANCO BOYS' PROTEST

Another Crop of Unemployed?

IN respect of the present military operations in China we wish to ask the Government one or two plain questions.

During the years 1914–18 we became inured to the spectacle of civilians snatched without warning from home and family, of jobs lost and businesses ruined.

Some of the same men, those fortunate enough to come out of the maelstrom with their lives, are now in our midst workless and penniless.

Is this tragedy to be repeated in the case of the men who, during the last few weeks, have been suddenly called up, as Reservists, to serve in China?

FROM letters received from some of the men themselves it is clear they are very anxious.

"I am a Reservist called up with Class 'A' for service in China, but why were we Class 'A' men called up when there were thousands of regulars in England at the time standing idle?

"And why should the Government call us up on pay from 3s. 6d. to 4s. per day when they would have 'used' these same regulars at 2s. per day and thereby cut down expenditure?"

Tommy's "pay" has always seemed to us a very minor item in military expenditure compared with the cost of armaments. Moreover, while pay is 2s. a day on joining, it rises gradually as a man becomes proficient in his duties.

But let that pass. While to the non-military mind it is not clear why Reservists should have been called up, it is at least important that those called up should be treated fairly.

"Many of us," writes a correspondent, "were in regular employment and had good situations. We were called up and despatched to China within a week. We had no time to settle our business or our family affairs. What compensation is to be ours, or will the Government give us any at all?

"Were we sent out as the Shanghai Defence Force, or as the Hong-Kong Metal Polish and Blanco Company? In our opinion it is the latter."

This is how many Reservists are feeling about the situation in China and they are justified. There is no disloyalty in such questionings.

ON the assurance of the Government, we are not, and do not intend to be, at war with China. A display of military force was deemed necessary to protect British interests during the civil disturbances.

Those interests are represented in a few hundred lives but many hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of property.

What of the interests and property of these Class "A" men? Are they to be sent home again as soon as possible? And, if they have suffered loss, will they be compensated?

BUZZ! BUZZ!

ONE of our readers who happens to be interested in railways, paid a visit recently to the British Museum. He made a discovery.

It was not, as might naturally be thought, that Pharaoh's mummy had been removed to the board-room of one of our great systems.

It related to something the companies said ten long years ago. Most people have forgotten it, but the British Museum has an uncomfortably long memory.

Railway rates are inordinately high, 50 per cent. higher than they used to be. If the man in the street were asked to give a likely interpretation of the railways' excuse for the ticket-office hold up, it would be that railway rates were increased during the war because costs went up.

The man in the street would be off the lines. Hidden away in the archives of the aforementioned mortuary of great ideas, to wit the British Museum, is the real reason.

It was not to make more money, nor even to save the companies from making less. That wouldn't have gone down even in war time.

Patriotism, pure and undiluted, was the sole and sufficient excuse for bouncing up the fares and freights. The official reason was that there must be a 50 per cent. increase "*to check undue travelling on the lines needed for war traffic.*"

Now we know why the fares are still up. These posters telling us to "make a bee line for Scotland" by the L.M.S. are all, as Hamlet said, "buzz-buzz." So are all the others.

They don't want us to go by rail at all. They'd rather we went by charabanc, for if fares were put up to "check undue travelling," it must be for this same reason that they remain up. If not, why?

Mystery of a Statesman

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. MacDONALD is in a fix and must make up his mind what he is going to do. The wild men of his Party are after him, and he knows full well what is their ultimate aim. He can only escape disaster by throwing them over.

The Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Leader of the Labour Party

TWO events have occurred recently which make the position of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald a subject of speculation. Mr. Wheatley, who is the most formidable of the Communist phalanx of the Labour Party, has declared open war on his leader by retiring from the front Opposition bench to the back benches of the House, and the I.L.P. has declined to renominate Mr. MacDonald for the treasurership of the Party.

Two more calculated public affronts to a Party leader could hardly be conceived, and together they mark a breach in the Labour ranks that no political ingenuity can heal.

Mr. Wheatley's action, if not a bid for the leadership of the Party, is an announcement that he will no longer accept the leadership of Mr. MacDonald, and the rebuff by the I.L.P. is a declaration that it has no further use for the man who was one of its founders, and has for a generation been its most illustrious spokesman.

The two voices

If Mr. MacDonald were a lighter weight as a politician it might be assumed that his days were numbered, and that his return to office was impossible.

But Mr. MacDonald is not a light weight. He is still easily the most conspicuous figure in the Labour movement, whether on the public platform or in Parliament. He and Mr. Snowden are the only two statesmen of first-rate gifts that Labour has thrown up, and if Mr. MacDonald were deposed his Party would be almost bankrupt of the quality of leadership.

No Parliamentarian of our time has taken his task more seriously or devoted himself more industriously to learning the business of government.

He can talk flatulent demagogy like the rest, and the most severe criticism that can be directed against him is that he lacks the courage to prick the bubbles which the windbags of his Party blow. In order to avoid an open rupture with his extremists he often speaks with two voices, and gives the impression of a duplicity which is not really in his nature.

Stampeded to disaster

That has been the case in regard to China. There are many grounds on which the Government is open to criticism; but its handling of the Chinese situation is not one of them. This country has never been confronted with a more difficult problem. The whole of our future in the East is at stake, and we might easily have made a catastrophic blunder.

Instead, our record has been one of extreme discretion and patience, and nothing is more certain than that if Mr. MacDonald had been in Sir Austen Chamberlain's place he would, and could, not have done less than Sir Austen has done to protect British interests, while avoiding any interference in the internal revolution that is remoulding the whole fabric of China.

Mr. MacDonald, indeed, began by stating quite bravely the duty of the country to protect its nationals; but as usual the preachers of catastrophe in his Party have stampeded him, and the other day he declared that the Government's business was not to protect our nationals in China, but to give them tickets home.

The same equivocal attitude was forced upon him in the general strike. He was as much opposed to that folly as was every other rational leader of Labour; but fear of his Lansburys and Cooks and Wheatleys led him to give public support to a policy which he knew was doomed to swift and complete failure.

The fact is that Mr. MacDonald is trying to ride two horses which are galloping to opposite goals. Mr. Wheatley has no use for Parliament, and wants an almighty smash. Nothing short of a revolution will satisfy him, and every difficulty in which this country finds itself at home or abroad is exploited as an occasion for hastening the general catastrophe.

Revolution or evolution

Mr. MacDonald, on the other hand, is a believer in the Parliamentary system and in the evolutionary processes of government. He has no more political kinship with Mr. Wheatley than the fireman has with the incendiary or the policeman with the burglar, and his attempt to keep in step with men whose gospel of catastrophe he loathes can only end in disaster to himself, for the more he yields to them the more certain will be his ultimate overthrow.

If he is wise he will take the defection of Mr. Wheatley and the repudiation of himself by the I.L.P. as ending the present make-believe unity within his Party. He will take up the challenge that has been thrown down, and address himself to the task of mobilising the mass of the working classes on sane Parliamentary lines.

In this he would have the support of practically all the responsible leaders of trade unionism—Mr. Henderson, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Thomas and the rest—as well as of the intellectuals of the Labour Party, like Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Graham. If this were done and the Labour world was frankly confronted with the alternatives of revolution or constitutional evolution there can be no doubt on which side the scale would fall.

The British workman is not a revolutionist. He believes in ordered Parliamentary processes, and now that he has established Labour as one of the two dominant powers in Parliament, he has less reason than ever to become an incendiary in politics.

Playing the enemy's hand

It is unfortunate that the Government should have chosen this moment to give a fillip to the wild men of the Labour movement. There is a strong superficial case for some of the proposed changes in the trade union law; but the present is a time for changing the atmosphere of industry rather than the laws regulating industry, and the Government would have been well advised to let the lessons of last year's events sink into the mind of the Labour world and work their own moderating effect.

But it has played into Mr. Wheatley's hand, and has done its best to drive Mr. MacDonald once more into the arms of his Communist foes. That is a misfortune, not only for Mr. MacDonald, but for the country, for nothing is more necessary to the well-being of the nation than that the Labour movement should rest on a constitutional basis rather than a revolutionary basis.

And it is as a pillar of ordered Parliamentary government that Mr. MacDonald deserves the respect of his foes as well as the support of all responsible Labour interests.

The Men

Who can measure the disappointment when long-cherished hopes are dashed? But what joy there is when deferred realisation comes at last!

WHEN I think of Mrs. Ainsworth there comes back to me the memory of an unspeakable tragedy. I recall how she looked a few minutes after the sad tidings had been broken to her. Her hands wandered aimlessly about the coverlet of the bed on which she reclined, and then, as though moved by a sudden impulse, she sought and found a tiny, delicate garment.

Mr. Philip Inman

Almost fiercely she crushed it to her, but all the while there was in her eyes an expression of utter bewilderment. "If only she could cry," whispered the sister. But that bedridden woman was too stunned even for tears. Life's bitterest disappointment dawned upon her only gradually, but the awakening when it came was a strangely sad one.

It is two years ago since Mrs. Ainsworth came into the hospital and yet it all seems like yesterday. In my years of experience I have gazed upon many sad sights, but I do not recall one which moved me more deeply.

This woman was thirty-eight years of age, and during twelve years of married life only one cloud had cast its shadow upon their little homestead. To quote her own words, "Not one night during that time have I gone to sleep without praying for a little one."

NOW at long last her wish had been granted, and I can see her now as she arrived at the hospital to prepare for the birth of her child. "My husband has come with me," she announced proudly, and with tender solicitude he went to see her safely into the ward.

As she bade him farewell she told him cheerfully, "Don't worry, dear, I shall be all right," and she went to face her crisis with a wonderful contentment shining in her eyes, whilst he went back to an empty hearth to spend those long, lone hours before he would know—what?

It was late the next day when a telegram was sent to him. It contained but three words, and

The Five Martyrs

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

FIVE British citizens are in jail, and their wives and families are starving, because they wished to till the soil of their native land. Some day we shall awaken to the iniquity of the land system and end it.

EVERYWHERE I go in London I am confronted by a large coloured poster. It depicts smiling fields and happy workers, land flooded with sunshine, over which smiles a benignant Britannia. Underneath it says: "Thou hast a lap full of seed, and this is a fine country. Why dost thou not cast thy seed and live in it merrily?"

Why not? Do we not all remember during the war that equally fine coloured poster of Scottish hills and glens, which confronted one at every turn, and underneath which were the words: "Isn't this worth fighting for?"

The catch is that the two posters do not refer to the same country. Having fought for the land that was worth fighting for those who were fortunate enough to return alive to their country are now being exhorted to leave it and go to Australia.

They may have all the laps full of seed they like, but let them beware of casting it in their own country and endeavouring to live merrily in their own land for which they fought and bled.

Australia and Canada—yes, by all means let them go there, and good riddance to them! "But England and Scotland," say the Land Lords, "are ours, every inch of them, and if you dare to lay your hands on the soil of your birth, we will cast you into jail."

You don't believe that they *would* cast them into jail? Let us see.

What they fought for

Just before the House of Commons adjourned for its Easter holiday, Mr. David Kirkwood, M.P., raised a certain matter on the motion for the adjournment of the House.

It appears that five men in the Highlands of Scotland, men who had fought through the war, fought for the land that was "worth fighting for," came home from Flanders, to find that they had not been fighting for their own land at all, but for land belonging to somebody else on which they were graciously permitted to live so long as they did not forget the respect and deference due to their "betters."

They were promised land, they were promised an opportunity of raising food to sustain themselves and their families. They found, as millions of others have found, that Government promises are not necessarily intended to be kept.

The land they were promised they did not obtain. They had no other employment, nothing to which they could turn their hands, except man's natural work of tilling the soil, and earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brows.

Children starved to death

Adjacent to them was some vacant land which was not being cultivated. They cultivated it, and they grew crops. They offered to pay rent for the land, though God knows why any man should pay rent for land which is the common birthright of all mankind. The owner of the land was willing that they should till it, but the Government stepped in.

It was negotiating with this gentleman to take over his land for small holdings, and it refused to go on with the negotiations unless he proceeded against these dreadful "raiders."

They are now in prison, for refusing to obey the land lords and "get off the earth," and their wives and children are starving. When they come out of prison what in God's name can they do, except return to the land from which they were ejected in an endeavour to keep body and soul together by raising food?

What will happen if they do? Will they be once more clapped into prison, or will they be allowed a little piece of the land for which they fought?

Mr. Kirkwood and some of his colleagues went up to Lewis to see what conditions obtained.

"What did we find," said Mr. Kirkwood. "We had pointed out to us by the schoolmaster children who were dying before his eyes. Not in China, not in Russia, not in the Ruhr, but in my native land, children dying of starvation. Their fathers served during the Great War. They subsist on nothing but potatoes three times a day, and not very good at that."

Mr. David Kirkwood, M.P., who is rightly indignant because of the terrible conditions prevailing in his country

And, looking round the House of Commons, he exclaimed bitterly, "This House is practically empty. No interest is being taken in the subject of the treatment of these men whose only crime was going to work their native land."

Their greatest mistake

In 1914, these five men were all being lauded to the skies, as were millions of their fellow-men, as "defenders of the Empire."

Let Mr. Kirkwood speak again. "One of these defenders of the Empire," he said, "has a family of twelve, and his dwelling is a wretched hut, 6 ft. high, built of dry stones and earth. The floor is of clay.

"There are no drains and the rain comes through the roof in wet weather. It is impossible to have any comfort in such a dwelling. This hut is divided into two compartments; both these compartments are 14 ft. by 10 ft., and there is no chimney. Seven people sleep in one, and six in the other."

Of course, the great mistake made by these men is that they were born British. They should have arranged for Chinese parentage, or to have seen the light of day in Timbuctoo or Armenia.

So ought all the poor unemployed devils who wander the streets and trudge the country roads in a hopeless, despairing search for work. They never made a greater mistake in their lives than when they opened their eyes in the land of the free, and dared to call Britain their native land.

The question answered

If they had only been niggers, or Chinese, or Armenian refugees, relief funds would at once have been organised. We should have promptly had appeals from the Church, and impassioned pleas by bishops and archbishops, and it would not have been impossible to have arranged for international relief to be rushed to their assistance.

More, they would have had their case pleaded most earnestly by the Press, and England would have rung with their story.

But these are British men, British women and British children, and nobody cares. Not a paper has cared or dared to tell the truth about this outrage on the lives and liberties of five British citizens.

"Thou hast a lap full of seed, and this is a fine country. Why dost thou not cast thy seed and live in it merrily?"

Why not, indeed? Simply because we have not apparently retained the wits with which we were born.

nded Blossom

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

yet I can imagine they would smite like a poisoned arrow into that man's heart. "Come at once," it said. And he came. There was urgency, eagerness in his voice as he asked, "How is she?" Quietly the news was broken to him. "Your wife is better now, but your child was stillborn."

For a moment he stood there, still and silent. Then he started to sob, and the tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks. "Leave me alone for a few minutes," he begged, and when I saw him again half an hour later he had recaptured his spirit, but the agony of his Gethsemane had left visible marks upon him.

Even then his cup of suffering was not full to the brim. "Can I see my wife for a few minutes?" he asked appealingly, and he waited outside in the corridor whilst the message was taken inside.

A SUDDEN fear came into the woman's eyes. "No! No!" she cried. "Not to-night. Oh, don't let him come to-night. I couldn't bear to look at him after what has happened," and she sank back on to her pillow exhausted.

It has been said that no man can understand the feelings of a woman. I profoundly disagree. After all, every man is the son of his mother, and from her inherits some of those tender emotions we call compassion. I am not ashamed to confess it.

As I watched that woman with her empty arms, and the tragic stare in her eyes, my heart ached sorely. "Your wife is not herself to-night," I said to the waiting man. "She will be better to-morrow; come and see her then." And without a word he walked into the night.

A FORTNIGHT later the husband came to take his wife home again. A new light had come into her eyes which it was good to see, and he, too, looked a different man. Whilst he waited for her he let me into the secret.

"The doctor has buoyed us up with a new hope," he said. "The wife wanted to leave the things she had made behind her so that they might come in for some poor woman who might be glad of them. The doctor told her to take them home, as she might be glad of them herself."

That doctor's confidence was not misplaced. Six months ago Mr. Ainsworth called to tell me the glad tidings. "Please God, it will be all right this time," he said.

Yesterday I had this note. "We have a little boy, and both my wife and the child are doing well."

MR. JUSTICE KRUSCHEN IN THE HYGIENE COURT OF JUSTICE

"Are You Guilty?"

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TASTELESS IN TEA.

It's the little daily dose that does it.

THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN

The Happy

"A WISP of a man who has broken giants" was how a famous adventuress described Leon Gonsalez, the diabolically clever partner of Manfred and Poiccart. And in the end the "Four Just Men" broke her—despite her brains

OF the three men who had their headquarters in Curzon Street, George Manfred was by far the best looking. His were the features and poise of an aristocrat. In a crowd he stood out by himself, not alone because of his height, but the imponderable something which distinguishes breeding.

"George looks like a racehorse in a herd of Shetland ponies!" said Leon Gonsalez on one occasion.

Yet it was Leon who attracted the average woman, and even women above the average. It was fatal to send him to deal with a case in which women were concerned.

This was not because he himself was given to philandering, but because it was as certain as anything could be that he would come back leaving at least one sighing maiden to bombard him with long letters.

Which really made him rather unhappy.

Yet Leon could act the perfect lover. Once in Cordoba he paid court to a certain senorita—three knife scars on his right breast testify to the success of his wooing.

As to the two men who attacked him, they are dead, for by his courting he lured into the open the men for whom the police of Spain were searching.

And he was especially effusive one spring morning to a slim and beautiful dark-eyed lady whom he met in Rotten Row.

HE was on foot, leaning against the rails and watching the riders, when he saw her walking slowly past and unattended—a graceful woman of thirty, with a faultless skin and grey eyes that were almost black.

It was by no accident that they met, for Leon had been studying her movements for weeks.

"This is an answer to prayer, beautiful lady," he said, and his extravagance was the more facile since he spoke in Italian.

She laughed softly, gave him one quizzical glance from under the long lashes, and signalled him to replace the hat that was now in his hand.

"Good morning, Signor Carrelli," she smiled, and gave him a small gloved hand.

"I see you everywhere," she said. "You were dining at the Carlton on Monday night, and before that I saw you in a box at a theatre, and yesterday afternoon I met you!"

Leon showed his white teeth in a delighted smile. "That is true, illustrious lady," he said, "but you make no reference to my searching London to find somebody who would introduce me. Nor do you pity my despair as I followed you, feasting my eyes upon your beauty, or my sleepless nights——"

All this he said with the fervour of a love-sick youth, and she listened without giving evidence of disapproval.

"You shall walk with me," she said, in the manner of a queen conveying an immense privilege.

THEY strolled away from the crowd and they talked of Rome and the hunting season, of runs on Campagna and the parties of Princess Leipnitz-Savalo. (Leon read the society columns of the Roman Press with great assiduity and remembered all that he read.)

They came at last to a place of trees and comfortable garden chairs. Leon paid the watchful attendant, and, after he had strolled away:

"How beautiful it is to sit alone with divinity!" he began ecstatically. "For I tell you this, signorinetta . . ."

"Tell me something else, Mr. Leon Gonsalez," said the lady, and this time she spoke in English and her voice had the qualities of steel and ice. "Why are you shadowing me?"

If she expected to confound him it was because she did not know her Leon.

"Because you are an extremely dangerous lady, Madame Koskina," he said coolly, "and all the more dangerous because the Lord has given you kissable lips and a cuddleable body. How many impressionable young attachés of embassies have discovered these charms in you!"

She laughed at this and was seemingly well pleased.

"You have been reading the admirable romances of William le Queux," she said. "No, my dear Mr. Gonsalez, I am out of politics—they bore me. Poor Ivan is in Russia, struggling with the work of the Economic Commission and living in dread of the *Cheka* because of his well-known Liberal views, and I am in London, which is delightfully capitalistic and comfy! Believe me, Leningrad is no place for a lady of refinement!"

Isola Koskina had been Isola Capravetti before she married a dashing young Russian attaché. She had been a revolutionary from birth; it needed only the coming of Red rule to Russia to develop in her a zeal for revolution that amounted to fanaticism.

Leon smiled. "There are worse places for a lady of refinement even than Leningrad. I should be grieved, indeed, my dear Isola, to see you making coarse shirts in Aylesbury convict establishment."

She looked at him steadily, insolently. "That is a threat, and threats bore me. The excellent Duce threatened me with . . . all sorts of dreadful things if I ever showed myself on the wrong side of Simplon Pass.

"And really I am the most inoffensive person in the world, Monsieur Gonsalez. You are, of course, employed by the Government—how eminently respectable! Which Government?"

The arrests at Dover

Leon grinned, but was serious again in a second.

"The Italian frontiers are practically closed since the last attempt on the Dictator," he said. "You and your friends are causing everybody an immense amount of trouble.

"Naturally the Government are concerned. They do not wish to wake up one morning and find that they are implicated—and that some successful assassin made a jump from—England, shall we say?"

The lady shrugged her pretty shoulders. "How very dramatic! And therefore poor Isola Koskina must be watched by detectives and reformed murderers—I suppose you and your precious comrades *are* reformed?"

The smile on the thin face of Leon Gonsalez widened. "If we were not, signorinetta, what would happen?

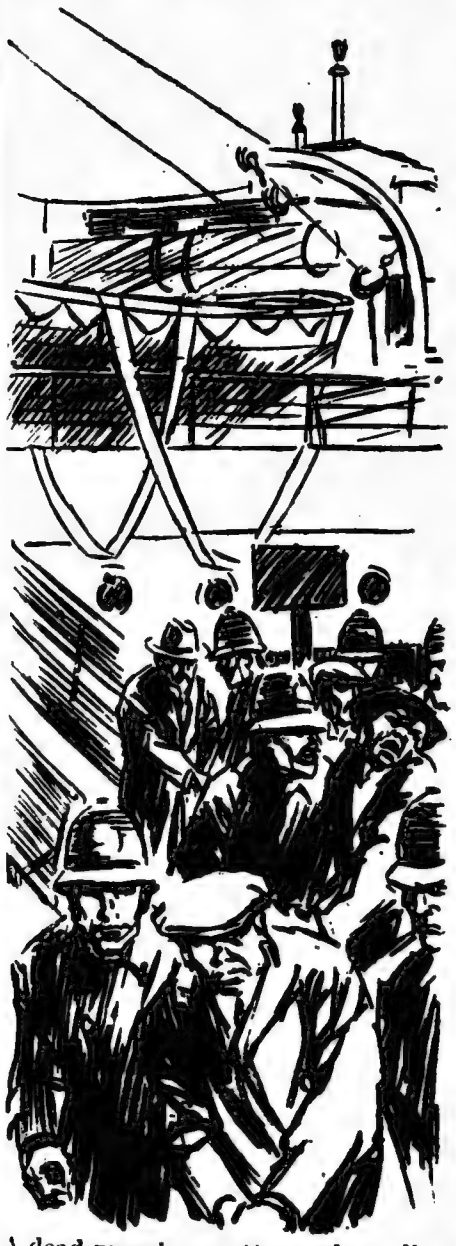
Travellers by Edgar Wallace

Should I be sitting here talking pretty-pretty talk with you? Would you not be picked out of the Thames at Limehouse all cold and clammy some morning, and lie on a slab till a coroner's jury returned a verdict of 'Found drowned'?"

He saw the colour leave her face: fear came to her eyes.

"You had better threaten Ivan—" she began.

"I will wire to him: he is not in Leningrad but living in Berlin under the name of Petersohn—Martin Lutherstrasse 904. How easy it would be if we were not reformed!



A dead man in a gutter and a policeman searching his pockets for a card of identity——"

She rose hurriedly; her very lips were bloodless. "You do not amuse me," she said, and, turning from him, walked quickly away.

Leon made no attempt to follow her.

* * *

IT was two days after this encounter that the letter came. Many people wrote to the Just Men, a few abusively, quite a number fatuously.

But now and again there could be extracted from the morning correspondence quite a pretty little problem. And the dingy letter with its finger-marks and creases was quite worth the 3d. that the postman charged them—for it came unstamped. The address was:

"Four Just Men,
Curson Street,
May Fair,
West End, London."

The writing was that of an illiterate, and the letter went:

"DEAR SIR,—You are surposed to go in for misteries, well hear is a mistery. I was a boiler-makers mate at Hollingses but now out of work, and one sunday I was photoed by a foren lady she come in front of me with a camra and took me. There was a lot of chaps in the park but she only took me. Then she ast me my name and address and ast me if I knew a clergyman. And when I said yes she wrote down the name of the Rev. J. Crewe, and then she said shed send me a pictur dear sir she didn't send me a pictur but ast me to joyne the Happy Travlers to go to Swizzleland Home &c. and nothing to pay all expences payed also loss of time (Ten £) and soots of close everything done in stile. Well dear sir I got ready and she did everything close ten £ &c. also she got tickets &c. But now the lady says I got to go to Devonshire not that I mind. Now dear sir thats a mistery because I just met a gentleman from Leeds and hes had his photo took and joyned the Happy Travlers and hes going to Cornwall and this lady who took the picture of him ast him if he knew a clergyman and wrote it down. Now what is the mistery is it something to do with religion? Yours sincerly, T. BARGER."

George Manfred read the ill-spelt scrawl and threw the letter across the breakfast table to Leon Gonsalez.

Leon read and frowned. "'Happy Travellers,' eh? That's queer."

The letter went to Raymond, who studied it with an expressionless face.

"Eh, Raymond?" Leon asked, his eyes alight.

"I think so," said Raymond, nodding slowly.

"Will you let me into your 'mistery'?" asked Manfred.

Leon chuckled.

"No mystery at all, my dear George. I will see this T. Barger, and will learn certain particulars, as, for example, the colour of his eyes and the testimonials he has received from Sir Austen Chamberlain, and as to the lady—" said Leon, and shook his head.

* * *

LEON'S big Bentley created a mild sensation in the street where T. Barger lived. It was situate near the East India Dock, and T. Barger (whose front name was surprisingly Theophilus) proved to be a tall, dark man of thirty with a small black moustache and heavy eyebrows.

He was obviously wearing his new "soot" and had expended at least a portion of his "ten £" on alcoholic refreshment, for he was in a loud and confident mood.

"I'm leavin' to-morrow," he said thickly, "for Torquay—everything paid. Travellin' like a swell . . . first class. You one o' them Justers?"

Leon induced him to go into the house.

"It's a myst'ry to me," said Mr. Barger, "why she done it. Happy Trayler—that's what I am! She might have took me abroad—I'd like to have seen them mountains, but she says If I don't speak the Swiss language I'd be out of it. Anyway, what's the matter with Torquay?"

"The other man is going to Cornwall?"

Mr. Barger nodded solemnly. "An' his mate's goin' to Somerset—funny meetin' him at all . . ."

He explained the coincidence, which had to do with a public-house where Mr. Barger had called for a drink.

"What was his name?"

"Rigson — Harry Rigson. The other man? Harry's pal? Funny name . . . Coke . . . no, Soke . . . Lokely! That's it — Joe Lokely."

Leon asked a few more questions which were seemingly irrelevant but were not.

"Of course I had to be passed by the committee," said the communicative Theophilus. "Accordin' to Harry, this lady photoed a friend of his but he didn't pass."

"I see," said Leon. "What time do you leave for Devonshire?"

"To-morrow mornin' — seven o'clock. Bit early, ain't it? But this lady says that Happy Travlers must be early risers. Harry's goin' by the same train but in another coach . . ."

LEON went back to Curzon Street well satisfied. The question he had to decide was: Was Isola an early riser too?

"I hardly think so," said Raymond Poiccart. "She would not take the risk—especially if she knows that she is watched."

That night Scotland Yard was a very hive of industry, and Leon Gonsalez did without sleep. Fortunately Isola had been under police observation, and the Yard knew every district in England she had visited for the past month. By midnight two thousand ministers of religion had been awakened from their sleep by the local police and asked to furnish certain particulars.

Isola went to a dinner and dance that night and her partner was a very nice young man, tall and dark of face. She chose the L'Orient, which is the most exclusive of night clubs.

They had reached the dessert when suddenly she laid two fingers on the table-cloth.

"Who is it?" asked her companion carelessly as he saw the danger signal.

"The man I told you about—he is at the table immediately opposite."

Presently the dark young man looked.

"So that is the famous Gonsalez! A wisp of a man that I could break—"

"A wisp of a man who has broken giants, Emilo," she interrupted. "Have you heard of Saccoriva—was he not a giant? That man killed him—shot him down in his own headquarters when there was a guard of

(Continued on page 24.)

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The Happy Travellers — *continued*

revolutionary brethren within call—and escaped!"

"He is anti-revolutionary?" Emilo was impressed.

She shook her head.

"Comrade Saccoriva was very foolish—with women. It was over some girl he had taken—and left. He is looking this way: I will call him over."

Leon rose lazily at the signal and came across the crowded dance floor.

"Signorinetta, you will never forgive me!" he said in despair. "Here am I watching you again! And yet I only came here because I was bored."

"Bore me also," she said with her sweetest smile, and then, remembering her companion: "This is Herr Halz from Leipzig. . . ."

Leon's eyes twinkled. "Your friends change their nationalities as often as they change their names," he said. "I remember Herr Halz of Leipzig when he was Emilo Cassini of Turin!"

Emilo shifted uncomfortably, but Isola was amused.

"This man is omniscient! Dance with me, Señor Gonsalez, and promise that you will not murder me!"

They went twice round the ballroom before Leon spoke. "If I had your face and figure and youth, I should have a good time and not bother with politics," he said.

"And if I had your wisdom and cunning I should remove tyrants from their high positions," she retorted, her voice quivering.

That was all that was said. Going out into the vestibule, Leon discovered the girl and her escort waiting. It was raining heavily and Isola's car could not be found.

"May I drop you, gracious lady?" Leon's smile was most entrancing. "I have a poor car, but it is at your disposition."

Isola hesitated. "Thank you," she said.

Leon, ever the acme of politeness, insisted on taking one of the seats that put his back to the driver. It was not his own car. Usually he was very nervous about other drivers, but to-night he did not mind.

"Keep your hand away from your pocket, Emilo, I have been covering you ever since we left the club"

They crossed Trafalgar Square. "The man is taking the wrong turning," said Isola with quick vehemence.

"This is the right road to Scotland Yard," said Leon. "We call this the Way of the Happy Traveller—keep your hand away from your pocket, Emilo. I have killed men on less provocation, and I have been covering you ever since we left the club!"

* * *

In the early hours of the morning telegrams were despatched to the police headquarters at Folkestone and Dover:

"Arrest and detain Theophilus Berger, Joseph Lokely, Henry Rigson" (here followed five other names) "travelling to the Continent by boat either to-day or to-morrow."

There was no need to give instructions about Isola. For a perfect lady, her behaviour was indefensible.

"She blotted her copy-book," said Leon sadly. "I've never seen a Happy Traveller less happy when we got her to Scotland Yard."

Considering the matter at the morning conference which was part of the daily routine in Curzon Street, Manfred was inclined to regard the plot as elementary.

"If you speak disparagingly of my genius and power of deduction I shall burst into tears," said Leon. "Raymond thinks I was clever—I will not have that verdict challenged. George, you're getting old and grouchy."

"The detection was clever," Manfred hastened to placate his smiling friend.

"And the scheme was clever," insisted Leon, "and terribly like Isola. One of these days she'll do something awfully original and be shot by the Cheka.

"Obviously, what she set out to do was to collect seven men who bore some resemblance to the members of her murder gang. When she had found them, she made them get passports—that of course is why she asked if they knew a clergyman, for a padre's signature on the photograph and application form is as good as a lawyer's.

"Seven poor innocent men with passports which she handed over to her friends whilst the Happy Travellers were sent into out-of-the-way places. She was heading the gang into Italy—all the passports were visaed for that country."

"Tell me," said Manfred, "did they arrest the spurious T. Barger at Dover?"

Leon shook his head. "The man who was to have travelled with T. Barger's passport was one Emilo Cassini—I spotted the likeness immediately.

"Isola was very abusive—but I quietened her by suggesting that her husband might like to know something about her friendship with Emilo. . . . I have been watching Isola for a long time and I have seen things."

Girls are not always abducted because men want brides. Sometimes they want ransom in the shape of jewels. Read next week how "The Four Just Men" foiled a particularly clever villain.

The Sentence of the Court

JOLTS FOR A JEREMIAH

A Boom in Gloom

WITH a voice resembling the tone of a dogmatist more accustomed to generalising than particularising, the Rev. J. P. Cammish declared that he did not wish to know what he was accused of, as, whatever it was, it was a vile calumny.

"As I am not concerned with wholesale tirade, but with retail justice," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I may inform the jury that the offence with which the accused is charged is slander.

"The vague but comprehensive manner in which he has denied a charge of which he is ignorant is in harmony with the wild and woolly style in which he makes charges against others of whose characters he is no less ignorant.

"Speaking at the Christian Endeavour Union Convention at Cardiff, he declared: 'The youth of to-day is the most bored stiff, miserable and dissatisfied generation that the world has ever seen.' The young, he said, have a grievance against life, and 'melancholy reigns supreme.'

"Melancholy is often in the eye of the beholder, and from his own pulpit this reverend Jeremiah may have had unique opportunities for studying boredom.

"But because young people fail to reveal vivacity when listening to a sermon it does not follow that they make a hobby of gloom.

"That many young people are not satisfied with post-war conditions is true; but a wide gulf separates such legitimate discontent from settled gloom such as might justify a reference to 'Young Ingeland.'"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that a clergyman should be at liberty to diagnose the social ills of the age without being hauled before a court of justice. His client had been arraigned simply because he had a mind of his own and courage enough to let the world see what was in it.

* * *

"A public man is, of course, at liberty to throw open his mind to the world," said Mr. Justice Bull, "but the public is equally at liberty to express its opinion of the contents of the said mind. My own opinion is that young people to-day are not so much bored stiff as jawed stiff.

"Parsons who have only scold comfort to offer must not be surprised if they fall smiles behind in the race for popularity, for few pro-bores are to be found among the young.

"These indeed prefer to look at life through rose-coloured spectacles rather than to see everything and everybody as in a glass darkly.

"Parsons who preach pessimism are far too apt to mistake fiction for fact.

"Such preachers seem to imagine that the best way to make a congregation sit up is to ply them with whips and scorpions, but, more often than not, they merely sting them to sleep.

"That the prisoner should have launched his extravagant indictment at Cardiff, of all places, just when thousands of young folk were setting off, in anything but a melancholy mood, to cheer their countrymen to victory in the Cup Final, shows how hopelessly out of touch some pulpit critics are with the great mass of the people.

"With a view to remedying this defect, I direct that the prisoner be knocked off his perch and sentenced to six months' association with the surprisingly cheerful 'common herd.'"

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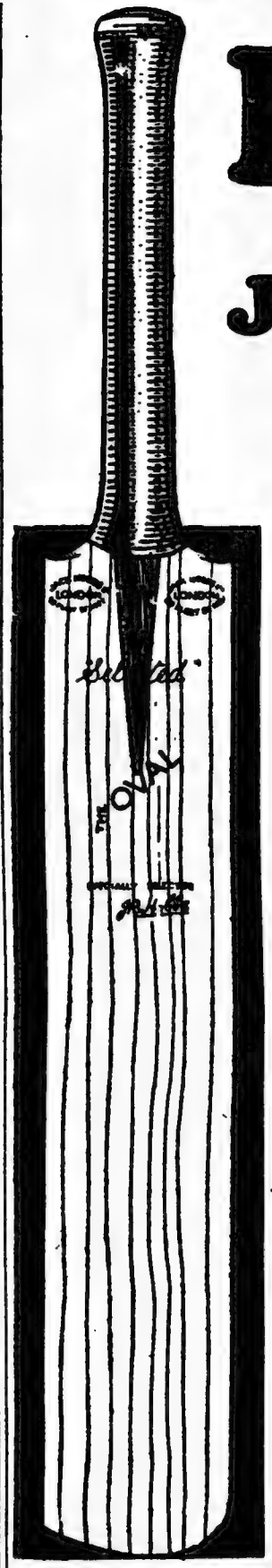

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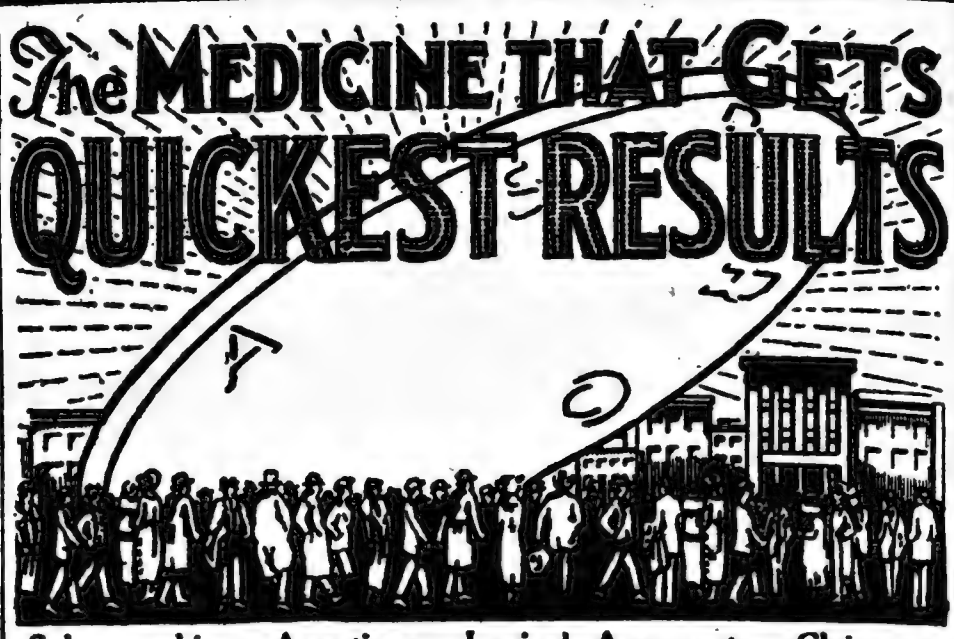


Salesmanship — Assertions — Logical Arguments — Claims — Promises—Appearances. What are they Worth?—Nothing. Will they relieve you?—No. Isn't ONE DEFINITE RESULT worth a house full of them?

That's why ASPRO is a SUCCESS! It LIVES and GROWS on its OWN DEMONSTRATED RESULTS

Here's Some Proof.

NEURITIS RELIEVED!

28, Gravel Road, Twickenham, 24/2/27.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for some years from acute Neuritis I have found in ASPRO immediate relief and remarkable recovery. I recommend them to all sufferers from any nerve troubles. You may publish this if desired.

Yours faithfully (Signed) MRS. W. CHAPMAN.

DIRECTIONS.

4 Tablets will relieve Rheumatism in one night.

2 Tablets will relieve Toothache in fifteen minutes.

2 Tablets will relieve a headache or nerve pains in 5 MINUTES.

3 Tablets will relieve Influenza or stop a cold in one night.

2 Tablets will bring sweet sleep to the sleepless.

NOW READ WHAT THESE PEOPLE WRITE:

Feverishness Vanishes Mrs. L. B. writes: "Had terrific headaches and temperature. Felt giddy and aching. Sent for ASPRO and took three doses—result: temperature normal and headache gone."

Doctor Advises J. W. Champion says he has got so much to say about ASPRO that they call him "Old Aspro." One person went to one of the leading doctors and asked if ASPRO was harmful to the heart. Doctor said "Certainly not; it is one of the finest things you could keep in the house."

Asthma relieved Miss Ida Thompson says, when she has a bad attack of asthma a couple of ASPRO tablets give tremendous relief and a beautiful night's sleep. Life now worth living.

Owe my Health to Aspro S. E. Ammon states: "I owe my health and having no pain at any time to ASPRO. I get terrible nerve pains at times, but ASPRO relieves my sufferings every time."

Pains and Insomnia Disappear Percy Renton states that he has gone through several operations for Locomotor Ataxia-suffered considerably with lightning pains and insomnia for 12 years. After taking 3 ASPRO Tablets he got a good night's sleep.

Sciatica Conquered C. Freeman suffered terribly from Sciatica. Couldn't get relief until he tried ASPRO. Now has no further trouble.

ASPRO BRINGS RELIEF IN 5 TO 10 MINUTES FOR

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SLEEPLESSNESS, LUMBAGO, IRRITABILITY, ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS, INFLUENZA, COLDS, NEURITIS, GOUT, PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN, NERVE SHOCK

ASPRO contains the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

6d. Per Packet.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO., PTY., LTD. (Aspro Dept.), 23, College Hill, London, E.C.4. Telephone: CITY 5540.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

1/3 Per Packet.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

AMAZING SHIPWRECK STORY

SCANDALOUS INSTANCES OF OVERLOADING

Un-British Owners of British Ships

WE state advisedly, being in possession of an overwhelming mass of evidence, that overloading of merchant vessels beyond the safety limit fixed by the Board of Trade has now become the general rule of a disquieting number of British shipping companies.

The overloading is mainly done at foreign ports, but it is British lives that are endangered.

The masters of vessels have little choice in the matter. If they disobey the wishes of the owners, they are pretty certain to be dismissed at the first opportunity. For the same reason they dare not protest to the Board of Trade.

The most glaring case that has come to light in recent years is that of the ill-fated s.s. *Eastway*. This ship foundered off Bermuda in October last, and of the crew of thirty-five only twelve were saved.

Floating death-trap

The court of enquiry into the causes of her loss found that Watkin James Williams, the registered manager of the vessel, was blameworthy and culpable and ordered him to pay £1,000.

One thousand pounds for twenty-three brave lives! The court also came to the conclusion that the *Eastway* was overloaded to the extent of at least 13¾ in. and they were of the opinion that the loss of the vessel was contributed to by instructions sent by Williams.

It was impossible for the master to carry out the instructions given by Williams as to the amount of cargo and bunkers to be shipped without loading the vessel beyond her winter load-line.

And so in the month of October, when heavy seas were certain, the *Eastway* put out from Norfolk, Virginia, grossly overloaded. Thirty-five men were imprisoned in a floating death-trap.

Do not blame the skipper. He was a tool in the game, and if he was at fault he has paid for it with his life.

Shameful letter

Here is one case from many in our dossier. The master of an English ship received a letter from his company's marine superintendent to load sugar at Cuba. It was the hurricane season.

The letter speaks for itself and runs thus:

". . . . We want you to fill up with sugar about 4,650, using your cross bunker for cargo. *A few inches by the head or body won't matter very much.* Get as much coal on deck as you can, the square of the hatch will be worked down by the time you get to Cuba. *Anyway, I leave it to you to do your utmost without my telling you.* The other ships did well from Norfolk, all over 200 tons deep, and you were only on your marks."

Shame!

All the time there is the obvious inference, overload, overload! Yet this letter is a mild one compared with those in possession of many masters to-day.

Here is another typical example of the kind of callousness for human life shown by owners, which takes place every day.

Loaded with coal and with a full deck cargo of timber aboard, a ship of 4,800 tons recently left a Scottish port for the South, calling at a Norwegian port *en route*. Here large

Sir Burton Chadwick, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade, to whom the facts here narrated should appeal

quantities of heavy machinery were taken aboard, with other cargo.

When she was loaded, the Plimsoll mark was submerged to the depth of nearly 2 ft.

Terrible danger

It should be remembered that the Plimsoll mark is a mark on the hull of the ship below which the ship should not sink by weight of cargo, in order to remain seaworthy.

In this case, the submergence, noted by a reliable witness, was on both sides of the ship, and was a clear case of overloading.

In this unseaworthy condition the ship put to sea with over three hundred souls aboard. Despite the number of passengers, she carried only one wireless operator, and this was not during the period when, owing to the strike, the regulations regarding the number of operators to be carried were suspended.

By the time the Canary Islands were reached, the consumption of fuel was beginning to lighten the ship and there was some prospect of the Plimsoll mark again becoming visible above the water.

Such a waste of carrying capacity was not in the programme of those responsible for the safety of the ship, so sufficient coal was taken on board to make good all that was consumed.

DON'T SIT IN THE ROADWAY

with the current issue of "The Passing Show." You'll laugh longer if you read it at home. Every Friday—Twopence.

Like a lumbering piece of flotsam she encountered rough weather in the South Atlantic, seemingly unable to lift her massive frame from the trough of the thundering seas.

Wave after wave broke over her with shuddering force and the water remained penned several feet deep in the well-decks owing to the deck cargo. It was unable to escape through the scuppers.

The living quarters were continually flooded, and to leave them it was necessary to wade knee-deep in an icy swirl of water, at the risk of being swept overboard.

Dead men tell no tales

It was with untold relief that the crew and passengers found themselves entering port with the red ensign proudly unfurling at the masthead.

Conditions are one thing; the luck that broods over life and death is quite another. What was to prevent the ship foundering?

How many of the ships of the small tramp type, which are posted as missing, have sunk in heavy seas with all hands, through overloading at the criminal instigation of the owners? There are no witnesses left to tell us!

And it is not all done at foreign ports, nor with small vessels. We have the authority of a shipping expert at an English port that not long ago a world-famous liner, carrying a full complement of passengers, sailed from the harbour overloaded by several feet.

The country owes a great deal to Captain Coombs, of the Navigators and General Insurance Company, for the work he has done to combat the many evils now extant in merchant shipping. The company was actively interested in the case of the *Eastway*.

It is a godsend that there are some people who have at heart the welfare of the nation's most important trade.

Yet what must worry thinking people is what the outcome of the evil must be. True, at the moment the shipping companies are wallowing in a superfluity of men holding master's certificates. There must come a time when the sea as a career will be anathema to young men.

Lamentable legacy

Then where will Britain stand? By the time these unscrupulous shipping companies have cut their own throats there will be the hallowed memory that they robbed Britain of a precious heritage.

In the meantime, does the Board of Trade propose to allow this sort of thing to continue indefinitely?

Most ships, of course, leave Britain under seaworthy conditions, but these same ships are not subject to our laws when plying between foreign ports. Nevertheless, they are still British ships, manned by British crews, however un-British in spirit the owners may be.

COMMON SENSE TALKS

WHY do I say "Use Calvert's Dry"?

Because I'm Common Sense—and I know that

If you wet your brush first

You might as well be using paste

And paste is not my way at all!

My way — the Common Sense way—to protect the teeth is to polish them.

And polishing demands dryness, and dryness demands powder

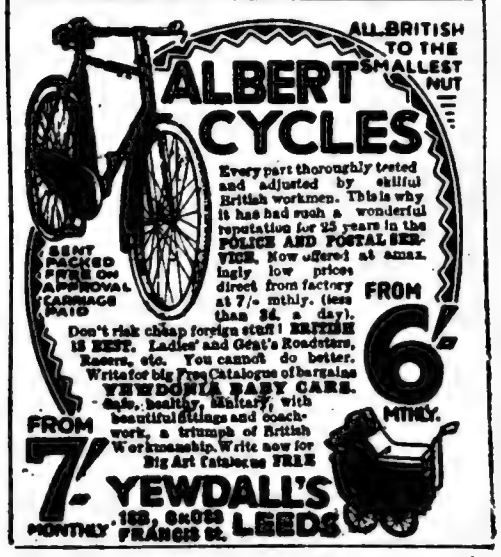
Therefore my advice is: Use Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder, and use it *dry*—just Common Sense advice.

Calvert's

CARBOLIC **Tooth Powder**

Sold in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 tins.

Old Common Sense is a Character from the Treasure Cave Booklet. You get it free from any Chemist with your Calvert's.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ALBERT CYCLES
Every part thoroughly tested and adjusted by skilful British workmen. This is why it has had such a wonderful reputation for 25 years in the POLICE AND POSTAL SERVICE. Now offered at amazingly low prices direct from factory at 7/- mthly. (less than 2d. a day).
SENT PACKED FREE on APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID
FROM 6/- MTHLY.
Don't risk cheap foreign stuff! BRITISH IS BEST. Ladies' and Gent's Roadsters, Racers, etc. You cannot do better. Write for big Free Catalogue of bargains
YEWDONIA BABY CARS. Safe, healthy, Military, with beautiful fittings and coach-work, a triumph of British Workmanship. Write now for Big Art Catalogue FREE
FROM 7/- MONTHLY
YEWDALL'S
182, 184, 186 FRANCIS ST. LEEDS

REDUCED TO PRE-WAR PRICE!

10D

LARGE SIZE
WONDERFUL VALUE

Obtainable also in handsome nickel box 1/-
Or in nickel box with "Handy Grip," 1/3. Refills, 10d.

Softens the Beard at the Base

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK

Words Winged to Women

SPANKING FANATICS

by **MABEL HORNER**

THE problem of thoroughly naughty children cannot be dismissed on the old "Spare the rod and spoil the child" plan. It calls for more scientific treatment

EARLY in January, 1925, the Home Secretary appointed a departmental committee of twelve men and three women, to "enquire into the treatment of young offenders and young people, who, owing to bad associations or surroundings, require protection and training; and to report what changes, if any, are desirable in the present law or its administration."

In the first place, it is grievous to know that there are any children starting life with such a handicap of moral weakness or unhappy influences that they need the protection of the State.

It is horrible that depraved and unhealthy persons bring into the world children whose only hope is as speedy as possible a removal from them.

Left with their parents such children are uncontrolled, get out of hand and commit offences and come under the notice of the police.

Part of the responsibility for such children rests upon the shoulders of society at large. The growth of towns, the terrible overcrowding and the slums, all play their part in producing the child "criminal."

Appalling figures

The number of such young delinquents is appalling. It rose during the war to 51,323 in one year. Even now it runs annually into thousands. For instance, in 1925, no fewer than 27,801 boys and girls under sixteen appeared in juvenile courts, besides the large number who commit offences in association with older people and who, therefore, appear in ordinary courts.

These children steal, break police regulations, indulge in gaming, trespass on railways and do malicious damage to property. A hundred years ago, or less, every one of them would have gone to prison or been even more harshly dealt with exactly as though they were adult.

We know better now. We know that in practically every instance their parents are at fault. The law recognises this so surely that even when for the child's own protection it must be removed from their care, wherever possible they are required to contribute to its support.

Mr. Rhys Davis, a member of the Committee of Investigation, who is not satisfied that whipping ordered by a court of law serves any useful purpose

In other directions humanity directs procedure. The Children Act of 1908 embodied in every section the principle that children who do wrong shall always be treated as youngsters only. The value of sympathy and understanding is recognised, and that is where, after having opened up such an avenue of hope, as is afforded by special children's courts, the law seems wrong.

For the success of the children's courts in helping the young folk back to decency depends entirely upon the outlook of the magistrate who presides over it. In many places, the selection of magistrates for the juvenile courts is entirely haphazard. Some have no grasp whatever of the problem, others are old and so deaf they cannot even rightly hear the evidence.

And, worst of all, many Benches up and down the country have still no women magistrates, the fittest people of all for dealing with little boy and girl delinquents. This must be altered, and it seems to me that the power to do it lies largely in the hands of women who are enfranchised. Women must take more interest in these juvenile courts.

For consider what they have power to do. While many thousands of defaulting children are dismissed after being admonished, others are placed on probation, or put into institutions, or even withdrawn from normal life by being sent to industrial schools for a term of years, or—they may be officially whipped.

Woman's fine chance

The service of the juvenile courts demands younger recruits; it needs men and women of experience and interest in education. It needs those who have done social work among the young, and those who have practical knowledge of the home and conditions from which these children come.

And most of all is needed a real love of children, sympathy with their interests, imaginative insight into their difficulties, and a super-abundant sense of humour and never-failing fund of common-sense.

These gifts are not conspicuous among the elderly magistrates up and down the country. If they were the hateful words "conviction" and "sentenced" so often used against naughty little boys and girls to taint their after career would have already disappeared. But these gifts exist and many women have them in abundance.

So, here is our work to our hand. Wherever women with a love of children come forward for this work, other women, the great multitude who have the vote and power, must see they are given opportunity to do it.

The Smile Factory

by **MARGARET McMILLAN, C.B.E.**

THIS week I have had a rain of letters. Young mothers have written to me, some mere children themselves, "What *shall* I do with my baby? I have no home for him." Other women have written, "We can take a baby in with or without weekly payments, or with a lump sum paid down." Alas! many of the girl-mothers cannot pay a lump sum or any sum.

Margaret McMillan, C.B.E.

Now it is hard to answer all these correspondents. My work does not deal with babies. It begins with toddlers of two years old. No one has written about toddlers!

THE mothers of England need wakening up. The toddler needs space, sunshine, and a world of things he has not got yet.

We, at the Rachel McMillan Open Air Nursing School, Deptford, take in toddlers at two. They come here every morning at eight and stay till nearly six. They have all their meals here. Sturdy, merry little people they come to be at three years old, but at two they are pale and rickety and very sickly.

What is the meaning of all that? Why are 80 per cent. rickety when they come in and only 7 per cent. at all rickety at three?

IN 1918 Mr. Fisher in his great Act made it possible for us all to have nurseries—if we wanted them. We don't want them yet, because we have never seen the need for it! And, above all, we have not, as a nation, seen what the nursery school can do.

It is two o'clock. Our children (we have 338) are waking up. Some of the two-year-olds are asleep in little cots in the shelters, asleep in the open air, wrapped in cosy warm blankets. The three- and four-year-olds are up. They are running all over the garden. They flash about among the waking bushes and trees in their gay overalls, and their voices make the garden ring.

Tired women at the gate look in on them wondering. They wish *they* could send their poor children here, but the place is full.

We are building a new shelter, though we have seven shelters already. So many want to come in and cannot.

Why cannot they come in? Well, the working-class women don't ask for garden nurseries, just as they never asked for schools. *If they want them they can have them.* That is the law.

These children in the garden have had a happy morning. They have had all the washing they need, a good breakfast, and a two-course dinner. Now they are strong as ponies.

Yes, but go across to the clinic over the way. I was there this morning. A pale, sad child stood there. He had adenoids. He was so weak that he could hardly stand, so dull that he hardly spoke.

Do children grow up like that? Why, yes, tens of thousands grow up like that.

ONE day a little boy of three was brought to us. He looked very dull. He had been tied to a bed for a year in a dark room. Cruelty? Oh, no, not cruelty. Poverty and ignorance are our foes, not cruelty. This little lad's mother went out to work. She had to leave him alone in a back room.

She tied him to the bed so that he might not fall down the rickety stairs. She left a bottle of milk beside him. A neighbour looked in sometimes.

It took six months to make him smile, but he grew to be a bonny little lad.

England will wake up one day with a start—and help her mothers.

A perfect Custard always with Bird's 1½d. pkt.

No measuring and no guessing when making Bird's Custard with this handy 1½d. pkt. It contains the exact quantity to be used. The Bird's Custard which it makes is cream-like and rich, of enchanting flavor, and just the right consistency.

And, moreover, with the 1½d. pkt. every grain of powder is used at once, with all its freshness and fragrance intact.

But whether you get your Bird's Custard in a single 1½d. pkt., in silvered boxes or large tins, the quality is always the same—the best that money can buy.

C.268

"Nothing goes with stewed or tinned fruit, or pudding, like delicious Bird's Custard."

Pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes, 6½d. & 1/-; tins, 1/3½

Makes the Old feel Young And the Young feel Gay!

Watch the people who use a Raleigh for "getting about"—they are keen, happy and full of vigour. The gentle easy action of pedalling a Raleigh has dispelled that feeling of lassitude and inertia that trouble so many of us who lead sedentary lives.

The best advice that was ever given is "Ride a Raleigh each day to work or play."

RALEIGH
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

Only £1 down and 12 easy payments, or cash from £6 7s. 6d.

Send for "The Book of the Raleigh," free.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LD., NOTTINGHAM.

Depots and agents everywhere.

Give HER a chance as well

THIS is important because nowadays she has all sorts of careers open to her—she can become a doctor, a barrister, a nurse, a school teacher, a secretary, an artist, a business woman—almost anything in fact, and the better start you can give her, the better she is likely to get on. Begin saving for her now. Put a little into Savings Certificates every week and encourage her to buy Savings Stamps. The table shows how money grows in Savings Certificates.

IN TEN YEARS		
1/-	per week becomes	£31
2/6	,,	£77
5/-	,,	£156

Savings CERTIFICATES

Savings Associations, Post Offices and Banks sell them.

The Happiest Child on Earth

is the youngster who proudly surveys his brand new "ORB" Motor. He is an owner-driver—a person of some importance—and won't he just "make her move"! The "ORB" Motor, one of Lines Bros. latest models, is painted red with yellow lines. It has a crank-action drive and is fitted with Lamp, Motometer, and unique Balloon disc Wheels with Cushion Tyres.

BRITISH MADE

The "ORB" Motor 25/6

The "Comet" Motor, similar but with Spoke Wheels, 21 -

LINES BROS JUVENILE CARS

From all good Toy Shops and Stores.

See the Red Triangle Trade Mark on the toys you buy

Regd. Trade Mark.

Mfrs.: Lines Bros. Ltd. Morden Rd., London, S.W.19

BRITISH AND BEST.

Last week "John Bull" stated that 130,000 pairs of foreign-made boots and shoes are being bought every week in Britain. That there is no reason for this is proved by the advertisements of two large British firms on pages 31 & 33. Read them carefully

That Run-Down 'Spring' Feeling

Cleanse & Invigorate Your System

THE human body needs its own Spring cleaning. Winter has left in you an accumulation of waste and other impurities which may set up headache, nausea, constipation, anæmia, debility, blackheads, pimples etc.

A timely course of that old-established family gentle remedy Bile Beans will banish naturally all such troubles as proceed from blood impurity or from getting run-down. A dose of Bile Beans after the mid-day meal and last thing at night will soon thoroughly cleanse and tone up your whole system. Bile Beans act directly on the liver, aid digestion and assimilation, and make for purer and richer blood. They are, therefore, a valuable household remedy. Of all Chemists at 1/3 and 3/-. In sealed boxes, only.

ABSOLUTELY FREE TEST! Every reader mentioning "John Bull," 7/5/27, can obtain FREE sample box by sending name and address to Bile Beans, Leeds.

HOW TO HAVE A CLEAR HEAD.

At Last, Here is What You Have So Long Been Seeking.

FOUR CIGARETTES SENT FREE

Do you get up in the morning with a stopped-up nose? Are your breathing passages clogged with a cold? Does your head feel choked up and dull? Have you that mean, low-spirited feeling which comes from lack of proper oxygen? If so, here is a pleasant, harmless cigarette that will clear out the head, nose, and throat.

These cigarettes are the formula of the late Dr. J. W. Blosser, and are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers, and berries.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes contain no tobacco, no cubebs, nothing habit forming, and are entirely harmless. They are used by women and children as well as men. These are not to be confused with the "cubeb" or other similar cigarettes.

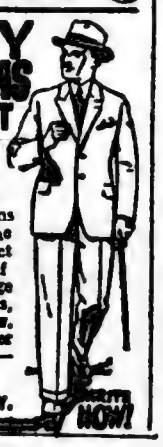
It is so simple to inhale this pleasant and soothing smoke. Much more convenient than using sprays, washes, douches, etc.

Write immediately to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 C.M.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, and you will receive a trial package by return post. Enjoy a delightful surprise by having a clear head.

The small size package, containing 20 cigarettes, is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d.

YOURS on EASY TERMS

A SMART SPRING SUIT



GREAT BARGAIN OFFER. You can have a beautifully tailored Suit, superbly cut by experts, made to measure in all the latest fashions on Lowest Easy Terms. All the finest materials, cut and correct fit guaranteed. Write for self measurement forms and big range of Free Patterns of actual cloths, and select your Suit Now. Absolutely the greatest value ever offered. Send a P.C. to-day.—

H. FITZPATRICK,
522, Junction Mill, BURNLEY.

Human Documents

A Contemptible Courtship

In Shylock's Toils—A Cruel Blow—Unworthy Mother

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

"SEVEN months ago I met a man in rather romantic circumstances at the seaside resort where I was working. Although he was somewhat my senior, he seemed to possess all the qualities I had longed for in a man and we appeared to have many tastes in common.

"His whirlwind courtship swept me off my feet, so to speak, and within a few days I felt I had met my mate.

"I had led a cramped, unhappy existence until then and my occupation as a waitress was not very enviable, so that when he held forth a pleasant prospect of the happy times we would have together, I naturally thought he referred to marriage.

"Then one day he told me that we would have to postpone marriage as divorce proceedings instituted by his wife were not complete.

"It gave me a terrible shock to learn that he was already married and had been unfaithful, but when he swore that he would make me his wife within six months, I was so infatuated that I consented to live with him.

"He induced me to leave my work and gave up his own, telling me that he was confident of being able to obtain a more remunerative post. During the months that followed all my savings were swallowed up, for he had no money. Then the blow fell that has left me in terrible distress.

"One evening he did not arrive home, and after a night of suspense a detective came to tell me that he had been arrested for fraud. I pawned everything I could, but could not raise sufficient money to employ a solicitor, and he was sent to prison for six months.

"I THINK perhaps he has been more fool than knave, though people are trying to persuade me to have nothing more to do with him. I am distracted as to what I should do, for there is an unborn baby to be considered.

"He writes beautiful letters to me from prison and that is about the only consolation I have now. I do so want to achieve happiness in the end out of all this wreckage if it is possible."

"HUMANIST" says: *I sympathise with you, though you are yourself largely to blame, but because you have loved much you may be forgiven much. I do not see, however, how you can hope for happiness with a man whose courtship started with deceit and ended in disgrace. There are worse things than being an unmarried mother. To be the wife of such a scoundrel is one of them.*

• • •

"I AM a young married man with two children. Thinking it would be for the best, we took up residence next door to my wife's mother. For a time everything went well, and during a period when I was out of work my mother-in-law showed us every possible kindness. Now, however, I find myself landed in a terrible mess.

Mischief Next Door

"For a long time my wife has been continually running into debt, though there should have been no need for her to do so. I offered to take over the housekeeping accounts, but my wife would not hear of it. The reason for her not wishing me to know how the money was being spent has just come to light.

"Some time back my wife's mother borrowed a considerable amount from a moneylender without her husband's knowledge, and having got behind with repayments and fearing proceedings leading to exposure she induced my wife to give her 10s. a week to help clear the debt.

"There should have been no need for my mother-in-law to borrow, for her husband gives her all his wages and she has £3 weekly from other members of the family, besides her own earnings.

"This business has led to my wife neglecting to pay the tradesmen and I find myself saddled with over £40 of debt.

"I love my wife and children too well to leave them, but the strain of constant nagging and the mischief next door is making me an old man before my time."

"HUMANIST" says: *Move away from the mischief if you possibly can. All young couples should live sufficiently far from their relations to avoid interference with their domestic affairs. Strictly speaking, it is no business of yours if your mother-in-law chooses to get entangled with moneylenders without her husband's knowledge, but if your wife is being dragged into the transaction, you have a right to try to get the matter cleared up by informing him.*

• • •

"DURING the war I married a Canadian soldier while he was in this country. Unfortunately, it was not possible for him to obtain leave from France in time for us to be wed before my baby arrived, with the result that our first-born is illegitimate.

Parting a Family

"After the Armistice I went to Canada with my husband, but as the climate there did not suit my health I came back to England a few years ago with my family, by then increased to three. My husband moved to the United States and has since become naturalised as an American.

"We now have the prospect of a happy reunion. My husband is doing well. He has purchased land and we have been looking forward to settling comfortably in the country of his adoption.

"In arranging passports we have received a severe blow. The American authorities raise no objection to myself and my two youngest, but they will not permit my first-born to enter.

"There is nothing wrong with the boy's health, for I have had him examined by an independent doctor who certifies that he is sound. The only conclusion that I can arrive at is that the authorities object because he was born out of wedlock.

"I am naturally anxious to join my husband, but I cannot do so and leave my boy behind, for there is no one here to look after him."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is almost unthinkable that the American authorities should desire to part a family in such a fashion, but if the legitimacy of your first-born is a stumbling-block, possibly it might be overcome through the Legitimacy Act. Write to the Consul-General at 18, Cavendish Square, W.1.*

Homework

A FAMOUS writer declared that a happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities. If your home is happy, cultivate the habit of sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund (See page 38.)

"FIVE years ago my brother died, leaving a little boy who was so sadly neglected by his mother that I took him to live with me and have looked after him ever since. The child was very delicate and I have had to deprive myself to give him everything he needed and he has now grown into a bonny little fellow.

Unfit for Motherhood

"Not long after the father's death, the mother was turned out by the landlord on account of the evil reputation which she acquired and until recently I had no knowledge of her whereabouts.

"I was lately very upset to learn that she had been to the boy's school demanding to see him and she has now told me that she intends to claim him.

"The little fellow is very much upset and cries at the thought of having to go with this strange woman, as his mother is to him, and I have learned to love him so much that I feel it would break my heart if I had to let him go.

"Can his mother, who until recently ignored his existence, take him away?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If her mode of life is such that she must be regarded as unfit for motherhood the best thing you can do is to apply for an adoption order. The court is bound to regard the welfare of the child as the paramount consideration, and may authorise you to adopt the boy regardless of any objections on the part of the unworthy parent.*

• • •

Cave-man Cowardice

"A friend of mine, a war widow, went as housekeeper to a widower who is now pestering her to marry him, and has gone so far as to threaten, if she refuses, to tell the authorities she has lived with him as his wife, which is not true. What can she do?"

"Humanist" says: *A man who tries to induce a woman to marry him by threats is unworthy of anyone's consideration. She should leave him severely alone. Such cave-man stuff is usually combined with cowardice and he dare not make charges he cannot prove.*

An Unwelcome Guest

"My middle-aged sister has a small income barely sufficient to maintain her. She has no occupation and the people with whom she is living say they cannot stand her bad temper and interference any longer and have asked me to give her a home. I don't want trouble in my house. What are my obligations in the matter?"

"Humanist" says: *None. If your sister makes no effort to control her temper she will find herself an unwelcome guest anywhere, even in a workhouse. The best thing for her would be to find useful employment. Idle hands and overworked tongues are often found together.*

False Shame

"I am anxious for the sake of the children to marry the woman who has lived with me for some years as my wife. If we go to the registrar will any enquiries be made at our home? I would not like the neighbours to know."

"Humanist" says: *Notice of the marriage will be posted in the register office, though no official visit to your home is likely. But why be ashamed of righting a wrong? Neighbours who would sneer at you are not worth considering.*

If your skin is out of order, let Germolene, the famous aseptic dressing, put it right again

1/3 FAMILY SIZE 3/-

Bad scald was agony for 11 weeks

Mrs. A. Headley, of Downside Cottage, Park Road, Woking, scalded her foot so severely that, for eleven weeks, she suffered agony. The remedies she at first tried brought no improvement, but Germolene at once soothed the pain, and now the ankle is completely healed. The scald was a very serious one and the wonderful results of using Germolene have surprised both her and her friends.

17 Years Torture from Bad legs
Another wonderful Germolene cure

Mrs. A. H. Smith, of 25, Birch Street, Earlstown, Lancs., suffered from varicose ulcer upon the ankle which yielded to no treatment of any kind and continued for 17 years. The first few applications of Germolene gave wonderful relief, and complete cure resulted after the use of five small tins. She considers this happy result almost a miracle.

Germolene is the right treatment, too, for:—Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching and Ulcerated Surfaces.

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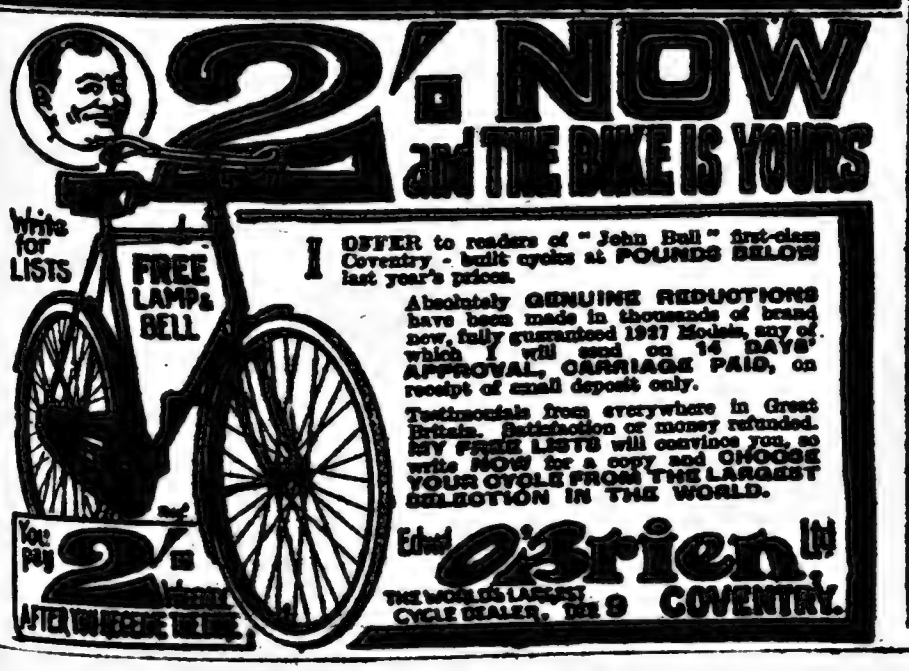

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IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

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for £1 down

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Write at once for Catalogue "R" Free.

It contains a full description of this fine-toned instrument with a large photo engraving showing the beauty of the design and appearance, and full particulars of this handsome Piano.

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"Burlington" Regd. Ladies' Patent one-bar shoe. 1⅞ in. celluloid covered LXV heel. Sizes 2 - 7. Half sizes 2½ - 6½.

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I'll teach YOU to play the Piano Beautifully!

I have taught thousands in their own homes, BY POST, to read easily at sight and play so beautifully Songs, Dances, Hymns, and Master Gems that they are welcome wherever they go! No practice drudgery—but Original, Fascinating Training—from Ordinary Music—that makes failure impossible

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Send me a p.c. for my FREE Book telling you all about it, with Form for FREE advice. Your address (Mrs., Miss, or Mr.) and one word, Beginner, Elementary or Moderate. Mr. H. BECKER, 381, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct London, E.C.1.

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Marvellous Success of "Spiralese" Seamless Supports.

Our 20 years' experience in treating Varicose Veins proves the undoubted superiority of "Spiralese" Seamless Supports over anything ever offered to sufferers. They are made to measure, but at **50 per cent. less than the cost of ordinary Elastic Hosiery.**

Avoid the great danger of bursting Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, etc., caused by wearing ill-fitting Bandages and Ordinary Elastic Stockings. Do away with unsightly and uncomfortable appliances. "Spiralese" is almost invisible beneath silk stockings. Send to-day for FREE BOOKLET describing the "Spiralese" treatment.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

"I thought I should go Mad"

The great misery of Neurasthenia is graphically described in this letter from Mr. F. J. Stevenson, of 5, Stamford Street, Ratby, nr. Leicester. He writes:—

"I feel it is my duty to write to you and state the great benefit I have received by the use of your nerve tablets. It is nearly unbelievable what a rapid cure my case was after taking your tablets. I was a physical wreck two years ago, for I had an awfully bad nervous breakdown caused through worry and bereavement. I could rest nowhere, life was a burden to me. Doctors said it was Neurasthenia. I thought I should go really mad. After taking a good course of your tablets I began to improve and eat. I now weigh 12 stone 9 lbs., and I cannot praise your tablets enough."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are an invaluable treatment for all nerve troubles, from headaches to neurasthenia.

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Dr. Cassell's 1/3 TABLETS 3/-

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To Work Imperia Knitting Machines at Home. No Experience Necessary.

Mrs. F. earned nearly £3 a week working for us at home in her *spare* time, making socks, stockings, etc.

You can earn £2 to £3 a week comfortably working for us at home with an IMPERIA KNITTER, or more, according to the amount of time you can give to the work. It is interesting work too—work you will love to do—and it puts you in the position of being your own employer. You are not tied down; you work when you like, and there is a sure sale for the work you do, because WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK AT GOOD RATES, or you can sell to private customers as well if you want to and so Start a business of your own.

CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

Write your FULL name and address plainly on a piece of notepaper, pin the Coupon to it and address as directed.

COUPON.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, full particulars of the Imperia Knitter Home-Work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

To The IMPERIA HOSIERY MANFG. CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.),
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"John Bull." May 7/27.

The Aged and their Diet

THE sluggish circulation of aged persons is due to thickened or overcharged arteries brought about by heavy indigestible foods. Dr. Ridge's Food is light, dainty and wonderfully sustaining, and, because of the Scientific elimination of all harmful elements, it promotes an easy flow of invigorated blood through the system, and helps to keep Gout and Rheumatism at bay. Every person past middle life should make AT LEAST one meal per day of DR. RIDGE'S FOOD. It has a delicious flavour, and many enjoy it with baked apples or stewed fruit as a change from custard and the ordinary milk puddings. As a supper dish there is nothing better for promoting sound sleep, and being free from malt and cocoa, it will not cause biliousness.

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Tins, 9d., 1/6, 3/- and 6/-.
ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.16

DON'T BE A SLAVE TO INDIGESTION

How you can remove the cause of stomach trouble.

Thousands of people are slaves to their stomachs—eat plain, unsavoury food, and give up the good things of life because they think they have to. Yet it is so easy to have a good digestion. All you have to do is remove the cause of the trouble with a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which instantly neutralises harmful stomach acid, stops food fermentation, prevents the formation of gas, and keeps the stomach contents sweet. It is the one remedy which protects the inflamed stomach lining. When you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia, pain-free, healthful digestion is bound to follow. You can enjoy your next meal—and every meal—if you get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia tablets or powder from your chemist now. Give it a real trial. Eat a hearty meal of those foods which usually disagree with you, and then take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. You will be more than pleased at the entire absence of any pain or distress, and you will realise that the dread of indigestion is banished for ever.

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BY USING KOTALKO

The small photo, taken from a football group, shows how bald Mr. Evans was. The other photograph proves the wonderful new growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.
J. H. Brittain, Ltd., London.

"Dear Sirs,—I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko.

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Or Copy It.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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NOSE and THROAT should not be operated upon until you have read my booklet on the *modern system of non-operative treatment* of nasal and throat troubles. Save yourself needless suffering and needless expense. Booklet FREE. Send 1½d. for postage. Consultations daily. Advice by post.
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10 YEARS WARRANTY

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The Willerby Way of Easy Payments brings faultlessly-cut, hand-tailored clothes to you on payment of a small deposit. It is an honest, reliable and straightforward system which will enable you to order your Spring Suit NOW—just when you want it—and you pay the balance in easy monthly instalments whilst you wear the clothes. It means that there is no need to wait because the ready cash is not immediately available—it means a square deal for you on the basis of complete satisfaction or your money refunded.

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HERE is a unique opportunity of testing two world-famous preparations free of charge. Zam-Buk is a unique herbal balm famous alike for its healing, soothing and antiseptic properties. It is absolutely unequalled as a first-aid for injuries and a cure for obstinate skin disease.

Zam-Buk Soap the most highly medicated soap in the world. Is adapted for bath, toilet and nursery use and is specially valuable where the tissues require medicinally cleansing to assist recovery from skin disease.

SEND POSTCARD TO-DAY
(stamped with 1d. stamp) with your name and address to The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds, for free samples of Zam-Buk and Medicinal Soap. Mention "J.B." 7.5.27.

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Zam-Buk 1/3 & 3/- box. Zam-Buk Soap, 1/- a cake, all chemists.
HEALING BALM & MEDICINAL SOAP.

Our Letter Parliament

Millions Down the Drain!

Erribol's Crime—Winning Election Cry—Cackling Cadis

IT seems that the taxpayer is always being frightened by the warmongers. It used to be the invasion scare which extracted taxes from hard-pressed citizens; then the Big Navy people had a turn, and now it is the air menace. Mr. A. G. Gardiner deserves thanks for exposing this latest stunt. The way the Services are allowed to dictate to Parliament is a degradation of the democratic principle.—*D. R., Hatcham.*

The Air Bobby

The article in which Mr. A. G. Gardiner endeavoured to prove the futility of the aeroplane in warfare contained much that is true, but there is another aspect. For police work in the remoter corners of the Empire aircraft is invaluable. A few aeroplanes dispersed the horde of fanatics who followed the Mad Mullah, and the R.A.F. has saved large areas of India's N.W. frontier from being ravaged by tribesmen at vastly less cost in men and money than the old-style punitive expedition would have required.—*Ex-R.A.F., London.*

Last Thought

I do not agree with Mr. A. G. Gardiner that the next war will not be fought in the air. Remembering that aviation is still in its infancy one cannot grasp the possibilities of the aeroplane as a war machine, say, twenty years hence. Whatever objections on the grounds of expense may be raised these will not be taken into account if, and when, it comes to actual war. Everyone knows that in time of war economy must unfortunately take a back seat.—*M., Grantown.*

Wasted Effort

If all the maniacs for air power directed their efforts towards peace, we should have a little more hope for the future safety of civilisation. Many taxpayers are denied necessaries, and are forced to read of some expensive air scheme being scrapped or meeting with utter failure. If allowed to go on, future Budgets will be beyond endurance.—*Peace Lover, Surrey.*

Price of Progress

More lives and more money have been spent in developing the liner from the coracle than in evolving the modern aeroplane from the glider. Air-transport to-day is not perfect, but there is no reason why flying should not become as indispensable to future generations as shipping is to us. Rome wasn't built in a day; the air won't be completely conquered in a century.—*S., Walsall.*

Better Investment

One is thoroughly disgusted to learn that we have squandered 158 millions of public money on flying since the war, whilst hundreds of thousands of honest British subjects have been continually denied a chance to earn a living. Had that huge sum been used to make the land easily accessible, the British taxpayer would be less heavily burdened, trade much better, and the Chancellor could have shown a handsome surplus that would have brightened the prospects of future taxpayers.—*J. W. H., Notts.*

Mad Competition

Commercially, the airship may be a gigantic joke, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner asserts, but those who, like myself, have seen the results of bombs dropped by enemy aircraft in the shape of houses razed to the ground and innocent victims killed and wounded, fear and dread the sight of aircraft. So long as other nations continue to build aircraft just so long must we build also.—*War Widow, Sunderland.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Wake Up, Electors!

One finds it difficult to believe such a scandal as that set forward by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson respecting the Erribol Farm, in JOHN BULL, April 23. Evils of this nature are usually associated with rogues, but when one considers that the scandal outlined has been perpetrated by a Government which claims to represent and protect the views of the people, it is time the electors awoke from the apathetic state into which they have drifted.—*Elector, Bradford.*

More Light

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson deserves the thanks of all honest men for bringing to light the grave public scandal of Erribol. Surely this matter cannot be allowed to rest where it is. Sir John Gilmour must be forced to disclose the name of the purchaser. If there be no explanation forthcoming concerning this most extraordinary business, there is only one conclusion to come to. Now, then, Sir John, I am looking forward to your reply in JOHN BULL, whose pages, I am sure, are open to you.—*D. T., Mon.*

The Winner!

It is good to learn from Sir Herbert Samuel's article in JOHN BULL of April 23, that land reform is one of the principal planks in the Liberal programme. No question was ever so pressing as is the land problem to-day. Housing is held up, agricultural workers are unemployed or paid a scandalous wage, and millions of pounds' worth of food is imported that could easily be produced at home. Let the Liberal Party make it clear that it will really tackle the problem and find a solution, and there will be only one Party in the running at the next General Election.—*Pelo, Palmer's Green.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EVENING STANDARD":—"The fire engines were able to approach the burning building by CLIMBING through neighbouring shops and over roofs."

"THE TRIUMPH":—"Silas uttered a savage GLEAM, and staggered back."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS COURIER":—"Mr. R —— presented Mrs. —— with a pair of scissors to cut the CAKE."

"RUNCORN WEEKLY NEWS":—"A native of Hull, where he was born 21 years ago, for the past 38 years he was employed by the company."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—"Willing Youth, age 18-20; for Public House, no PRECIOUS experience required."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Masra was on his KNEES LYING there with his head bowed."

"HOME CHAT":—"I have a fine tweed coat, and am anxious to have a crepe-de-Chine frock to wear OVER it."

Bargains for Backers

You will know how to find them by reading the "JOHN BULL Racing Annual," price 3d.

What's Trumps

Blots on the fair springtime face of England, see them plodding doggedly along the highway in their ones and twos, oblivious of the pleasure-seeking motorists tearing past (they're past the envious stage). The down-and-out! Silent and resigned. How many give them more than a passing glance? Only tramps! Yet we called some of them trumps in 1914.—*A Silly Suffolk Woman.*

Charity's Urge

Though we women may have queer ways, Mr. Marchant's arguments in JOHN BULL of April 23 are not very convincing. Who are we to judge whether our fellows are in distress or merely playing a part? Distress is very rife to-day, and if we do allow our mother-hearts to err on the side of generosity, surely we are to be forgiven.—*One in Sympathy, Notts.*

Not Soldiers

The suggestion made by "J. L.," Bolton, that our Churches should scrap the boys' brigades is puerile. Only quite recently the movement scrapped the "dummy rifle"—the moral is that we are against militarism. Our boys must be taught how to discipline themselves, and they can be taught discipline divorced from militarism in our boys' brigades.—*A. B., Dinnington.*

Waiters' Woes

The wages of a farm labourer are bad enough, but those of a hotel waiter are worse still. I know of an East Anglian hotel where fourteen hours a day is general. Seventeen and sixpence is paid for a ninety-hour week. Tips added to wages make the total weekly earnings roughly 35s. Out of this insurance and laundry have to be taken.—*G. C. T., Norwich.*

The Wrong Place

It is about time the notice of the public was called to the scandal of young girls being employed by the Navy, Army and Air Force institutions, who are placed among thousands of troops on Salisbury Plain and such places. Not only is this state of affairs dangerous, but there are thousands of ex-Service men who could take their place.—*Sgt. R. Tait, Hants.*

Unwanted Advice

The duty of a magistrate, when trying a case, is to decide which of the two parties is in the wrong and what punishment he deserves. He may also say something about the crime in question. But it is surely no business of his to give advice as to what people ought to do with regard to other matters, which have nothing to do with the case before him.—*X. Y. Z., London.*

Death-dealing Dust

At a time when the country is spending millions on the health of the people, the electricity works of the country are pouring out thousands of tons of dust and grit to pollute the atmosphere. This grit must eventually have serious effect on the lungs already handicapped with an atmosphere that is anything but pure.—*Rapier, Cardiff.*

Council Wangling

The registrar of our parish died this year. The council had two applications—one from the registrar's widow, the other from a member of the council. There were five of a council present, including the latter when the filling of the vacancy was decided. The widow got two votes, and the councillor got two, but the latter voted for himself, and thus secured the job.—*Christie, Scotland.*

Buy Quality at a 'Benefit' price

There's something about good shoes which you recognise but cannot explain. If 'Benefits' do not appeal to you on sight and handling as the "best value for money"—return them to us and have your money back. But you can recognise them as good footwear by the material and finish, and you will wonder how they can be sold at the price.

The turnover at 200 retail branches and the old established "Factory to Wearer" policy of the "Benefit" is the answer. You cannot possibly get better value anywhere.

POST FREE **14/11** — **No. 25-79** SIZES 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 10

Real Calf Patent with plain stitched cap. Black suede non-slip lining. A Gent's good shoe.

POST FREE **14/11** — **No. 25-85** SIZES 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 10

A new shape Box Calf Derby, smart toe; good fitting. Quality unbeatable

POST FREE **14/11** — **No. 25-75** SIZES 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 10

Genuine Box Calf with neatly stitched cap. A fashionable shape toe. Grand wear.

These shoes are made on the hand-sewn principle, non-squeak and pliable.

A catalogue of this one-price range of Gent's Boots and Shoes will be sent, with list of the 200 Benefit shops, on receipt of a post card.

To order direct, state Series Number, size required, or send pencil outline of foot. Enclose P.O. for 14/11 and the shoes will be sent by return—POST FREE. Foreign and Irish Free State post extra.

Public Benefit BOOT CO. LTD.
FACTORY:
St. Paul's Street, LEEDS

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart (Scot.) Ltd.

"RULES AN EMPIRE

Of satisfied punters."

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Market prices time of posting guaranteed.

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DAILY S.P. BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT ON SINGLES, DOUBLES, ACCUMULATORS.

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DON'T DELAY, WRITE TO-DAY.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

THE TOTALISATOR

Reprinted from the "Evening News," June 20th, 1921 :—

"Now for a few words about the 'Tote' I backed Humorist for the Derby and received six times my stake. Had I done this on the 'Tote' I should have got 102 to 1. The thing speaks for itself. The 'Tote' in Edinburgh guarantees the odds paid will in no instance be less than the official S.P., so why go elsewhere. If you back a winner you cannot get less than the S.P. bookie gives you and frequently you get a great deal more—and one thing is absolutely sure; you're certain of being paid."

What was true in 1921 is true to-day. The "Tote" paid this season Priory Park 36 to 1, Sprig 16 to 1; the Double, Priory Park and Sprig 540 to 1; Kinnaird 75 to 1; Embargo 20 to 1; the double, Kinnaird and Embargo, 720 to 1.

You can see results daily in the "Sporting Life and Sportsman," and "Sporting Chronicle."

Write for full particulars to the sole address—

ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

APELLE FOR THE JUBILEE

The Crack Italian-bred Horse—An International Race—Try, Try Again for a Cheshire Cheese—A Good Daughter of Golden Myth

"A CIGAR'S length," a professional backer remarked to me as the number of Adam's Apple went into the frame after the Guineas. It was a costly cigar's length, too. Instead of a disastrous race for the layers it gave them a good one. With the winner out of the way Call Boy 1; Sickle, 2; Hot Night, 3, would have skinned the ring.

MY wager was a modest each-way sum on Money Maker, and although the son of Spearmint just missed a place I am quite satisfied with the way he ran. In finishing fifth he was about four lengths behind Adam's Apple.

I THINK that Call Boy, who, by the way, was the fittest horse in the field, will remain favourite throughout the piece, but if Steve elects to ride Money Maker at Epsom I shall take a price—again each-way—about Mrs. Chester Beatty's colt.

MONEY MAKER was bang there most of the way and lost his position as the horses met the hill. At Epsom the rise that matters takes place from the start to the mile post. It is down hill from there to Tattenham Corner, and then a slight rise again to the winning-post.

IT will suit Money Maker if the Epsom race is a parallel to Spion Kop's Derby. Abbot's Trace—equal in pace to Hot Night—set out to crack up Tetratema. He not only achieved his object, but he broke the hearts of most of the other horses in the field. He was knocked off his feet some way from the winning-post, and the Spearmint stamina made the race a gift for Spion Kop.

I CAN picture Hot Night playing the part of the hare in the coming event, but the hounds will catch him even if he leads the field round Tattenham Corner. I had one of the best races of my life when Spion Kop romped home. If Money Maker faces the starter at Epsom—with the course specialist up—I hope I shall shall have "the best."

KEMPTON PARK'S big race this week-end, the Great Jubilee Handicap, is another international affair. In the acceptance there are horses bred in England, Ireland, France, Italy and Germany.

"...tty" Persse, who has charge of Apelle

MOST interest centres round Apelle, the Italian horse now in Persse's stable, and he is sure to go very close. I have told how he lost the Grand Prix last year as a result of being ridden injudiciously. He showed an amazing turn of speed for more than the distance of the Jubilee, and if he is well away it is quite likely that he will not be caught. Apelle is by Sardanapale, the famous French stayer.

THE danger may come from Foliation, trained by Alec Taylor. She is by the defunct Tracery, and ran a good animal all last season under big weights. She is nicely weighted with 8 st. 4 lb.

FOLIATION is the property of Mr. Somerville Tattersall. Although he won only five races all last season he finished well up in the list of leading owners with stakes of over £8,000 to his credit. His five races were all captured by Foliation. She ran unplaced twice in twelve outings.

I AM still of the opinion that two of the three Champion Cheshire Cheeses, valued at a fiver apiece, will go to the owners of Try, Try Again and Templestowe. Some time before the Great Met. I suggested that Mr. Carr's mare was one to follow throughout the season, and since her running in the long-distance race half-a-dozen sporting writers have noted the five-year-old. I prefer Try, Try Again to Templestowe if both run.

EXCELLENT accounts have reached me of Carline, a filly trained by Jack Jarvis. If she is anything like her parents, Golden Myth—Valescure, I can believe the tall stories. Prior to retiring to the stud when a four-year-old, Gold Myth won the Queen's Prize, the Golden Vase and the Gold Cup—succeeding days at Ascot—and wound up the season with the Eclipse Stakes. Not a bad record for a young horse.

THE next best thing to seeing a big race is to read a really good description of the event. To a wise backer it points out future winners. I have mentioned this as I notice that *The Sporting Life* is making a special feature of the race descriptions by Mr. Meyrick Good.

MR. GOOD broadcast the recent Grand National, and has on several occasions read the big events to the King and other members of the Royal family. Personally, I think his descriptions in *The Life* tell the average racing man more than he can see with his own eyes.

THE French are a practical people where racing is concerned. More than once to my knowledge they have been faced with slumps in attendance, and instead of raising prices of admission they have lowered them, with the result that the crowds came back. I wish our own executives could take the same view of their troubles. It would pay, especially now that there is likely to be fierce competition from the greyhound racing venues.

BE on the look out for Waterval, Dalmagarry and Secretary in five-furlong sprints. These three speedy merchants will be popping up before long.

ACCORDING to the *Racing Calendar*, Lord Woolavington and Lord Dewar are now members of the Jockey Club. The honour has not come too soon as both these good sportsmen have been pillars of the Turf for a life-time. Lord Woolavington has, of course, won the Derby twice in recent years, thanks to his lucky purchase of Hurry On for 500 guineas, but the big prize has always eluded Lord Dewar.

I REMEMBER seeing Lord Dewar's colours for the first time in 1899, when his massive Forfarshire was second favourite to Diamond Jubilee. Forfarshire's chance went when he was nearly knocked off his feet coming round Tattenham Corner. Lord Dewar suffered worse luck in the Blue Riband when Abbot's Trace was bowled over completely by Sarchedon. He seemed a certainty for a place.

HERBERT TOON, the Newmarket trainer, must consider Zahrat the unluckiest animal in training. In her short career she has been first past the post on three occasions, but has never picked up the spoils for her owner. She was disqualified at Pontefract last year, and again at the recent meeting. At Lincoln on the opening day she got home first in the event which eventually went to Charmant, but "no race" was declared and she was withdrawn.

ZAHRAT and Satan Bey, the two disqualified winners at northern meetings, lost their respective races for crossing at the start. Jockeys, please note and take warning. This type of objection is almost unheard of and I hope it does not come south.

IN the races of over a mile on courses like Ally Pally, where a wild dash is made for the rails, we shall have an objection in nearly every race. A horse must be two lengths ahead to cross at any part of the race. I doubt if many of them are at A.P. In any event, objections at the start should not be encouraged. Before long, win, tie, or wrangle owners will be squealing for jostling at the barrier.

NEARLY every day I receive requests for a description of one or more of our racecourses. As they are of general interest I propose to publish one a week. The next big event is the Jubilee, so I will make Kempton Park number one.

KEMPTON PARK.—The course is about one mile from the Hampton Station on the Southern Railway and about 500 yards from the Sunbury Station on the same line. There is also a station on the course with a covered way to the grand stands. The new ("Jubilee") Course is 1¼ miles, being an extension of the old "Jubilee" Course from the starting post of a quarter of a mile, straight. The Inner or Round Course is about 1¼ miles in extent. The T.Y.C. is 5 furlongs and 110 yards on the "Jubilee" Course. There is a six-furlong course, perfectly straight. (A right-hand course.)

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How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. IWW3VQXZFF would read APPLECROSS.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, May 4, to Tuesday, May 10.

"SOCCER" SELECTIONS

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Birmingham, Huddersfield, Barnsley, Manchester C., Bradford, Plymouth.
5 HOME.—Huddersfield, Blackpool, Manchester C., Oldham, Doncaster.
4 HOME.—Birmingham, Blackpool, Bradford, Plymouth.
3 AWAY.—Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Lincoln.
3 DRAWS.—Wednesday v. Leeds, Darlington v. Chelsea, New Brighton v. Stockport.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Manchester C., Plymouth, Newcastle, Rochdale.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—West Bromwich, Middlesbrough, Fulham v. Hull.
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ITS COMPLETE SHORT STORY
ITS GOSSIP OF LONDON
ITS SERIAL STORY
ITS TWO PAGES OF SPORT
ITS WOMAN'S PAGE
ITS PICTURE PAGE

Bullets Prize-winners

(Continued from page 39.)

£2 Winners *(Continued)*

J. Johnston, 2, Summer Street, Belfast.
A. S. Kemp, 192, Veneer Road, Sydenham, S.E.
M. Knott, Junr., 105, George Street, Willington.
G. Lewin, Crix Farm, Hatfield Peverel, Essex.
A. Liotard 54 Cumberland Street, Pimlico, S.W.
Miss May, 20, Chapel Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.
C. Pope, 31, Broadway, Frome, Som.
Mrs. W. Robinson, 114, Salop Street, Dudley.
J. Savage, 51, Grenfell Road, Bradford Moor, Bradford.
A. R. Smith, 94, Pearcroft Road, Leytonstone.
J. Smith, 5, Broughton Road, Owlerton, Sheffield.
A. Squire, 23, Hall Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham.
Mrs. B. Sweet, "Langbarne," Moy Road, Taffs Well.
J. Telfer, 49, Oliver Park, Hawick, N.B.
O. B. Warwick, 37, Harrison Road, Erdington.
T. White, 29, St. Margarets Road, Swindon, Wilts.
D. Whiteman, Junr., 4, West Street, Sutton, Surrey.

50 Prizes of £2:

Miss P. Aston, 23, High St., Llanelly, S. Wales.
Mrs. B. Atkinson, 21, Harris St., St. Helens.
F. Bailey, 32, Council Houses, Sutton-at-Hone.
J. Barrow, High St., Spilsby.
B. D. Best, The King's Manor, York.
Mrs. E. Bestwick, 19, Regent St., Long Eaton.
J. Boardman, 58, Starcliffe St., Bolton.
R. Brazier, 71, Waterloo Promenade, Nottingham.
F. Brewin, 3, Watergate, Grantham.
F. Bristowe, 40, Old Lane, Beeston, Leeds.
E. Burgin, 17a, Wood St., Sheffield.
W. Cobbledick, 42, South Villas, Ashington.
A. L. Craig, 19, Gt. Western Rd., Aberdeen.
I. Cumming, "Sherwood," Ridgeview Rd., Whetstone.
Miss K. English, 2, Eastmoreland Lane, Dublin.
P. Eynon, 63, Foxhole Rd., St. Thomas, Swansea.
H. Flood, 7, Bridge St., Workington, Cumberland.
W. Gent, 34, Fair Close Rd., Beccles, Suffolk.
F. J. Green, 74, Rectory Rd., Burnley.
J. Griffiths, Gellihaep Rd., Maesycwmmer.
Mrs. Hankin, 17, Lawrence St., Radford, Nottingham.
Miss L. Holden, 29, Bryan Rd., Blackpool.
A. Hudson, 4, Nowell View, Harehills Lane, Leeds.
T. E. Jones, 53, Brookland Rd., Pontymister, Risca.
W. Kellett, 105, Old Chester Rd., Derby.
J. Luke, 20, High St., Rhostyllen, Nr. Wrexham.
G. H. Mason, Walker's Yard, Northallerton.
R. Mehrtens, 3, Sherwood St., Bow, E.
H. Moore, Crowhall, Gt. Fransham, East Dereham.
H. Newman, 11, Lion Green Rd., Coulsdon, Surrey.
R. Peacock, 24, Station Rd., Benton, North'ld.
Mrs. M. Porritt, Nr. A. Row 75, Gt. Yarmouth.
A. Radford, 6, St. Lukes Rd., Bournemouth.
C. Ratcliffe, 45, Fawdry St., Wolverhampton.
W. W. Reeve, Streete House, St. Nicholas, Kent.
A. Rich, 270, Heavy Gate Rd., Crookes, Sheffield.
T. M. Roberts, 2, Stafford St., Newport, Salop.
Mrs. T. L. Rose, Bredfield, Woodbridge.
Mrs. Saunders, Sunnybrook, Brook, Ashford, Kent.
A. E. Short, 110, Old Bethnal Green Rd., E.
G. Simpson, Copley Lodge, Butterknowle, Co. Durham.
H. Stephenson, 63, Abbey Rd., Torquay.
T. Taylor, 171, Havelock Rd., Alum Rock, B'ham.
H. Tylor, 257, Broadway, Birchfields, B'ham.
A. Webster, 94, Cavendish St., Barrow-in-Furness.
W. Webster, 39, Kingsley St., Bolton.
J. H. West, Cleveland Avenue, Draycott, Derby.
M. Wolfe, 31, Whitegate Lane, Wrexham.
Mrs. Woolsey, 47, Queen St., Thorne, Doncaster.
E. Wylie, 40, Maddox St., Blaenclydach, Rhondda.

100 "Bullets' Gift Winners:

A. Attwood, Lynfield Rd., Charlton Kings; Miss J. Austen, 25, Treservon Rd., Clapham; Mrs. E. Barnett, 53, Beulah Rd., Thornton Heath; Mrs. N. Bennett, 53, Dekamain Rd., Liverpool.; J. R. Bennett, 298, Abbey Hey Lane, Gorton; Miss C. Bough, 33, Oakley Cres., Chelsea; Mrs. B. Bowen, 7, New Rd., Skewen; F. Bramwell, 3, Peelwood Av., Little Hulton; W. Brookes, 4, Churnet View, Oakamoor; Mrs. Butcher, Ovington, Nr. Clare; A. Cable, 36, Fortune Gate Rd., N.W.; R. Carnes, Slingsby, Malton; J. Chalmers, 81, Lorraine Rd., Holloway; T. Clark, 52, Stanhope St., Hereford; Miss D. Crick, 3, Shrewsbury Rd., Bolton; Miss F. Cunliffe, 653, Atherton Rd., Hindley Green; W. Davies, 7, Reform St., Ellesmere Port; W. Dennis, 8, Salter Gate, Chesterfield; R. Donovan, 123, Plymouth Wood Rd., Cardiff; A. Dyson, 16, Rawcliffe St., Moss Side; W. Edmunds, 4, Bryn Terr., Six Bells; J. Edwards, 26, Gwendoline St., Aberavon; Mrs. Erasmuson, 19, St. James St., Edinburgh; R. Evans, 30, Clark St., Treorchy; Miss J. Francis, St. Robert St., Barry Dock; J. H. Gee, 112, High St., Gillingham, Kent; Mrs. J. Goodwin, 25, Park Dr., Whalley Range; G. Gracie, Jnr., 38, Lady Lane, Paisley; A. Graham, c/o 32, Litchfield Way, Onslow, Guildford; W. Griffiths, 15, Edward St., Thurnscoe; W. Harrison, 3, Astey's Row, Essex Rd., N.; C. Hayhurst, 10, Long Lane, Bolton; Mrs. K. Hewitt, 7, Pearl Villas, Chiswell Rd., B'ham.; J. Hodges, Wellington Cott., Tunterdam; J. Hogan, 18, Victoria Av., Fishguard; Miss E. Hope, 15, Whitley St., Reading; W. Jackson, Ballymackamoss, Belfast; F. Jones, 19, Union St., Cardiff; R. Jones, 15, Woodstock Rd., Wallasey; R. Kelf, 76, Derby St., Norwich; H. Kirk, 167, Gt. Titchfield St., W.; C. Lee, 80, Welbeck Rd., Bolsover; W. Lewis, 21, Portland St., Aberdare; J. Llewellyn, 148, Whitchurch Rd., Cardiff; W. Longmore, Parkside, Tiverton; H. Lock, Much Hadham; A. Mablett, 118, Cambridge St., Coventry; Miss I. Macmillan, 1017, Crow Rd., Glasgow; Mrs. A. Main, 47, Stanley St., N. Shields; R. Marsden, St. Hilda's Cott., High Lane; H. Martin, 180, King's Rd., Gosport; C. Midgley, Oak Villa, Stockport Rd., Ashton-u-Lyne; F. Mills, 200, Entwistle Rd., Rochdale; H. Milnes, 24, Digwry Lane, Derby; A. Milson, 11 Park View, Cross Keep, Mon.; C. Moorhouse, 45, Kilmore Rd., Caversham; G. Neal, 37, Chilworth Rd., Southampton; Mrs. J. Oldham, 18, Park Lane, Stockport; A. Payne, Oldbaywoods, Deepcar; G. Payne, 4, Orford Rd., Chiswick, W.; F. Pengelly, 25, Egerton Rd., Plymouth; N. Peters, 44, Oakbury Rd., Fulham; S. Pettitt, 13, Board St., Irthlingboro'; K. Phillips, 10, Tackley Pl., Oxford; C. Pilling, 444, Halliwell Rd., Bolton; G. Poston, 49, Eden Grove, Bristol; H. Poultney, 101, High St., Rochester; C. Ratcliffe, 45, Fawdry St., Wolverhampton; H. Rhodes, 4, Chilsworth Gdns., Acton; Mrs. J. Robinson, Denton Holme P.O., Carlisle; A. Rolling, 33, Beckett Rd., Doncaster; W. Rowe, Vicarage Rd., Morriston; H. Scipes, 253, Lordship Lane, E. Dulwich; G. Scott, 34, Elm Grove, Newport, I.O.W.; C. Shannon, 14a, Neville Rd., Stoke Newington; J. Sharp, 168, Oundle Rd., Peterborough; A. Sheppard, 2, Frances Terr., Llanharan; H. Smith, 23,

(Continued on page 2).

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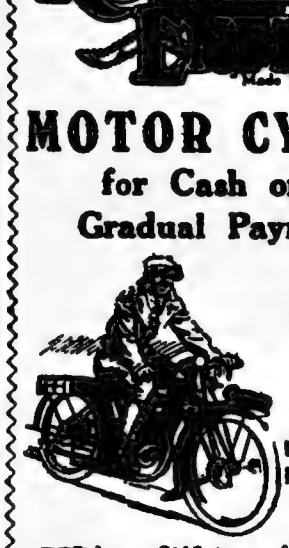

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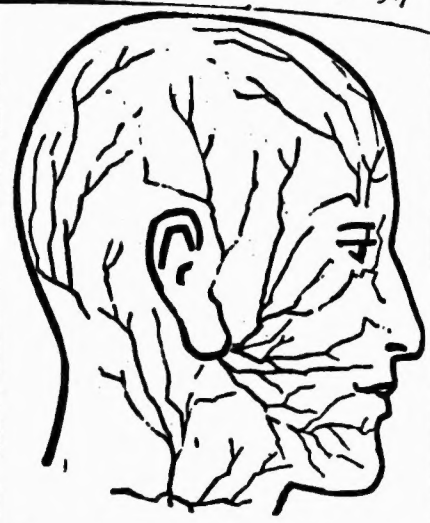

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T	A	T	T	L	E		L	A	M	M	A	S		K
L		H	A	V	E		L	E	A	N		S		
A		B	I	C	E	P	S		U	N	T	O	L	D
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A	G	E		C	I	D	E	R		T	A	R	G	E
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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This weeks' puzzle is on page 38.

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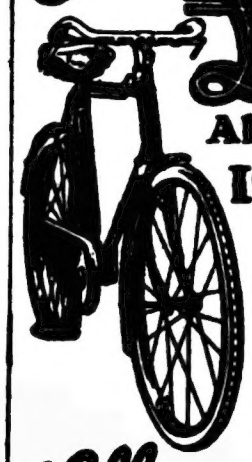

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As most everyone knows, dandruff or scurf is due to a little germ which eats into and destroys the hair roots, thus causing falling hair, grey hair, baldness, and various hair troubles. To retain or regain hair health and hair beauty you must not only destroy the dandruff germ, but also feed and strengthen the hair roots. The one sure, safe and quick way to do this is to rub Lavona Hair Tonic into the scalp every night, for this is the only known preparation that actually destroys the dandruff germ, feeds the hair roots, and restores the hair to natural, glorious beauty. Lavona Hair Tonic is obtainable of all chemists at 1s. 6d. Get a bottle to-day, use as directed, and you will be delighted with the wonderful improvement shown in a few days.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

• • •

B. B. (Kendal).—"Who said I couldn't sing?" Who said you could?

BERTHA B. (Stoke).—"Did you like the marmalade I sent you?" Heavens! We thought it was glue.

E. S. (Settle).—"Even when I put a kiss on her brow she was offended." Naturally. It was out of place.

MRS. F. (Manchester).—"What would you do if you dropped a bottle of ink on the carpet?" Just listen.

D. C. (West Ham).—"Do you believe in this theory of living on fruit?" Yes, if it's the fruit of industry.

H. A. (Castleford).—"I have written a word picture of the end of civilisation." It is indeed a dreadful catastrophe.

R. E. (Eastcheap).—"The world owes every man a living." But he'll never collect it if he's too lazy to get busy.

J. E. (Morecambe).—"I heard a very good argument last night against marriage." You and your wife had it?

H. H. (Kew).—"Where to-day can we find any men with really strong convictions?" In jail.

H. F. S. (Ripon).—"No two people think alike." You cannot have seen the presents at a fashionable wedding.

F. R. (Bainbridge).—"Foreign schools make a great point of teaching English." We wish English schools would.

BETSY (Leeds).—"I swear I've never even been kissed." That's enough to make any girl swear.

MRS. F. (Bedford).—"No man will get into trouble if he keeps following a good example." Unless he's a forger.

L. M. (Hayes).—"He came out of the dentist's smiling." Even dentists cannot always be at home.

L. N. C. (Warlingham).—"I only once caught my wife flirting." When she caught you?

J. A. J. (Whitstable).—"Blondes are more reliable than brunettes." But many women have been both.

A. O. R. (Derby).—"You are the biggest fool in the world, sir." Sir, you forget yourself!

E. S. W. (Hull).—"If you lent me money I'd be your debtor, but what would you be?" An idiot.

L. E. M. (Redcar).—"What is the greatest force in the world?" Force of habit.

C. W. (Swindon).—"Six doctors have given me up." Couldn't you pay their bills?

S. D. T. (Swansea).—"I always have the last word at home." What do you say—"Certainly, dear!"?

AUTHOR (Isle of Man).—"What is the best material for compiling a dictionary?" Another dictionary.

L. R. (Chatham).—"Why do motorists look down upon pedestrians?" Because they are generally beneath them.

GLADYS (Hull).—"Do you ever think seriously of marriage?" Yes, every day since the wedding.

B. F. (Wivenhoe).—"Everything seems to be against me." Yes, even your initials.

F. B. (Oxted).—"Who is the greatest illusionist of the present age?" Winston!

S. B. (Colchester).—"I am getting tired of sending you poems." Now that is cheering news.

MRS. F. (St. Albans).—"I never seem able to give him a present that pleases." You evidently give him socks.

F. N. (Coniston).—"Is it wise for a poor man to marry to-day." If he loves the girl and she has plenty of money.

G. W. (Portsmouth).—"The suit is £5, and he says he'll make any alterations I wish." Tell him to alter it to £3.

PAMELA C. (Richmond).—"He said he knew I was the last girl to deceive him." And were you?

MRS. G. (Hammersmith).—"A luxury, in these days, soon becomes a necessity." Especially if your neighbour has it.

MISS L. (Margate).—"Many hotels now have a special menu for dogs." And others make quite a fortune by catering for old cats.

MISS F. (Pudsey).—"I am in favour of women taking part in all public affairs." Naturally, if you really wish the affairs to be public.

B. D. (Bagshot).—"Even a dunce can see that one and four make five." And doesn't seem able to refrain from repeating it.

C. K. (Burton-in-Lonsdale).—"I'm very sorry when I called I hadn't time to say good-bye." Don't return and all will be forgiven.

G. L. (Folkestone).—"When the doctor examined my head he prophesied a long illness." Don't be alarmed, there's nothing in it.

H. H. (Shoreditch).—"A man who leaves his own political Party is a traitor." Unless he comes over to yours, in which case he's a convert.

F. G. H. (Nottingham).—"I am out for the truth and nothing but the truth." That will please the gentlemen who send out Schedule D forms.

P. F. (Bath).—"My boss increased my salary because I let him think I had an offer of a better job." So that's how you took a rise out of him?

H. H. (Bradford).—"Enclosed is a pattern of cloth you could never wear out." We certainly couldn't, without being mobbed.

M. E. (Jarrow).—"Our cat has eaten the canary." We should have been more surprised if the canary had eaten the cat.

MRS. V. (Hammersmith).—"She told me I was vain and egotistical and she had never been two minutes in my company." She must be very quick at noticing things.

H. M. (Sudbury).—"Our maid went out four times during her first week with us." One of ours went out once during her first day—and didn't come back again.

"PACK up your troubles" is all very well; but why have troubles to pack? If you have, however, send particulars (written in ink), with stamped addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, and our experts will show you how to do away with the packing.

• • •

S. S. W. (Warrington).—"Which is the dominating race?" The Derby.

R. E. U. (Wallasey).—"Duty is a joy to me." Even as it is to Winston.

N. M. J. (Taunton).—"If twelve men worked twelve hours a day——" The trade union would have a word to say.

T. E. (Croxley).—"She is a beautiful singer." Which doesn't necessarily mean she sings beautifully.

M. S. (Birkenhead).—"I never make a mistake." That's the greatest mistake you ever made.

J. M. S. (Gorleston).—"What would you do if you found £5,000?" Nothing—for quite a long while.

SHOPKEEPER (Ilford).—"When I presented my account she called me a 'snipe.'" Perhaps your bill was a long one.

B. V. (Salisbury).—"Do you dare to say I'm a liar?" Oh no, but if there was a match on we dare back you against Ananias.

G. K. (Cardiff).—"I'm worried about several little things in this place." Why not marry one of them and let the rest go?

G. O. (Hornsey).—"If you get into a traffic jam keep calm and collected." Otherwise you'll be collected whether you are calm or not.

JOHNNY (Maidenhead).—"My girl and I always tell each other everything we know." Don't you find the continual silence very oppressive?

P. A. (Burton-on-Trent). "I wish I knew how to get a drink after ten o'clock." Win the *Bullets* £2,000 this week and run a pub of your own.

MRS. D. (Wanstead).—"Can you tell me the best way to protect seedlings from frost?" Don't plant them until it's all gone.

G. M. (Manchester).—"Bad notes are being manufactured wholesale." Yes, we heard them when the Wembley community singing was broadcast.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN" (Honiton).—"Can you help me to think of a really striking costume for the fancy dress ball?" Why not go as a girl?

M. K. (Pudsey).—"I have composed a catching refrain, 'Just write a letter to me.'" We've composed a better, just "Don't."

D. J. (Eastbourne).—"My wife declares she will leave me unless I give her more money." So you'll have to part one way or the other.

L. N. C. (Wandsworth).—"I had to pawn several things to pay the rent of the hall for my dramatic recital." You seem to have spouted quite a lot altogether.

MRS. F. (Aysgarth).—"I do all in my power to encourage my children to tell the truth." Whereas most children tell it without encouragement, especially before visitors.

W. H. R. (Birmingham).—"Our watchmaker, who died lately, left orders for a favourite watch of his own make to be buried with him." He rests from his labours, and his works follow him.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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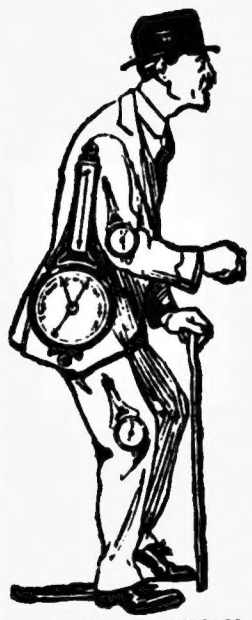
Great Discovery by London Manufacturing Chemist—Thousands Cured—Prescribed and Recommended by over 300 Doctors.



ARE YOU A HUMAN BAROMETER?

The following extracts from letters received from members of the medical profession constitute more conclusive evidence than anything we can say regarding the value of CURICONES as a remedy for

Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis

and all Rheumatic Ailments.

REMARKABLE MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

Dr. J. W. (L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.), of Cheshire, writes:—"I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones,' I could only crawl about. I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

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Dr. J. M. D. writes:—"The 'Curicones' sent me were used by a case of chronic Arthritis and gave great relief."

Dr. B. writes:—"Send 500 'Curicones' to-night certain—they are excellent."

Dr. M. K. writes:—"I enclose cheque for 'Curicones' for my daughter. I am so much better I want her to try them."

Curicones are prescribed and recommended by over 300 Doctors. Their action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules, containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

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If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, fill in and post this coupon NOW, and in addition to the FREE TREATMENT and useful Book, you will receive further convincing testimony from the medical profession and former sufferers of the beneficial effects of CURICONES. This free treatment has been the first step to a complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TODAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

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Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table and full particulars of your discovery.

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Grief and Grab

The Fitiable Plight of an Evicted Family

SOMEWHERE on the road a crippled ex-Service man is tramping in a desperate search for work. It seemed to be the only thing left to do since no employment was to be obtained where he has been living and sickness and misfortune had reduced him and his wife and family to destitution.

There are three young children, the eldest only six years of age. They are all badly in need of clothing.

The family were recently evicted through inability to pay arrears of rent. Though the amount owing was less than fifty shillings, the landlord retained the few remaining bits of furniture and refused to part with them until he was paid.

A kind-hearted neighbour provided shelter for the mother and her little ones, but such an arrangement could, of course, only be temporary.

THE harassed mother hunted high and low both for work and for accommodation, and at last received the offer of a small cottage in return for certain services.

Her gratitude at having found shelter for herself and her children, however, was tinged with dismay, for the hard-hearted landlord still refused to allow her to have her furniture.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund provided the wherewithal to enable the family to accept the offer of the cottage.

In another case, that of an ex-Service man whose wife had applied to us for assistance, she wrote in reply to our enquiry regarding the family income:

"I have not a farthing coming in. I have been selling my home bit by bit and it is my rent that I am so worried over. It is hard to be almost without food, but it is even worse to be without a shelter."

All donations to the fund are devoted to relief without any deductions whatever for expenses.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at* 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

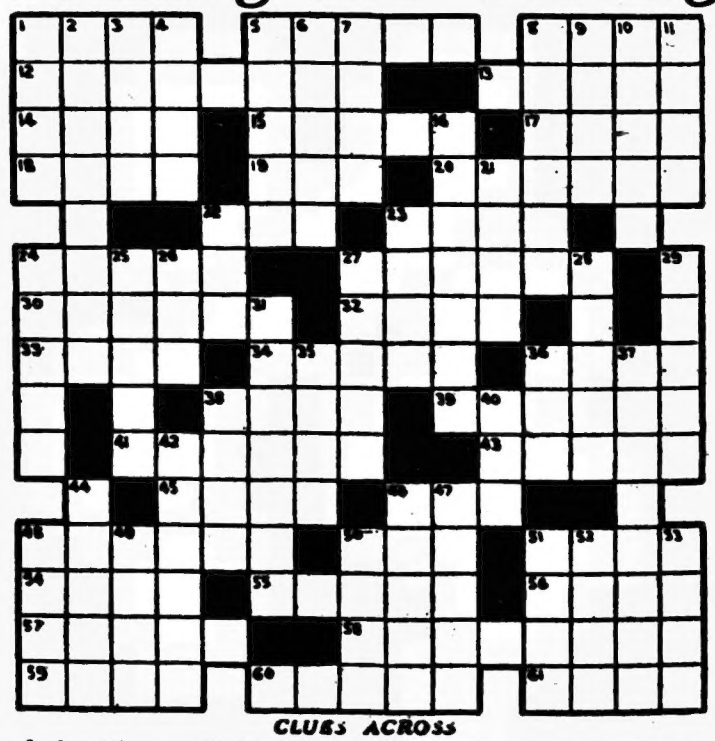
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Commission 9th, 3s.; T. B. M., 1s. 8d.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. Snow (Helpston), 6s.; O. C. Currie, £1 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Hearts, 1s.; W. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; A Mother, 1s.; A Reader (Nottingham), 1s.; God's Blessing, 5s.; Mr. D. Rigby, 1s.; H. C. H., 2s.; J. Aston, 2s.; Mrs. Chadwick, 2s. 6d.; B. N. W. (Aldershot), 2s. 3d.; Mrs. W. Welsh (Heslet), 2s.; Miss E. M. Clarke (Churchtown), 1s.; T. H. Spry (Bleaworthy), £5; Unlucky Mollie (and parcel of baby clothes), 1s. 1d.; Mrs. T. Coward, 1s.; Mr. H. Bell, 1s.; Mr. P. Smythe (Manchester), 6d.; Mr. H. S. Morrison (Shetland), 2s. 6d.; I. Moody (Bath), 5s.; Mrs. Sykes (Todmorden), 3s.; Mrs. Lily Jeffery (Bridlington), 1s.; J. Chamberlain (Leytonstone), 2s.; Exonian, 1s.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; Mrs. H. Kidd (Carnforth), 1s. 6d.; B. Lewis (Shanklin), 5s.; W. G. Goss (Potters Bar), 1s.; Reader of "Humanist" (Bristol), 2s.; F. W. Francis (Bawtry), 1s.; C. & M. H., 5s.; M. E. C. (Brodie), 1s.; M. A. B. L., 2s. 6d.; A Ninth from Jessie (Melton Mowbray), 8d.; Florence M. Campbell (Durban), 10s.; George (Yeovil), 5s.; Anon. (Dewsbury), 6d.; Miss Winnett (2nd donation), 5s.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 6d.; E. C. (Camden Town), 2s. 6d.; A. Elam Jiigs, 6s.; Verwood, 2s. 6d.; S. F. Elkes, 6d.; Anon. (Totnes), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Wilson, 1s.; Grateful (Portsmouth), 2s. 3d.; First Ninth (Abercarn), 1s.; B. Brighton), 1s.; T. Bracegirdle, 1s.; Mrs. Powell, 5s.; Mrs. Waterhouse, 1s.; Mr. V. Reynolds, 2s.; W. H., 1s.; Mr. Bertha Edmonds, £2; Florence Elisabeth, 5s.; Anon. (Edinburgh), 4s. 6d.; Grateful, 10s.; Lina, 5s.; A Reader of "John Bull," 5s.; Quid (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Harry Underwood, 10s.; Returned P.O., 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; S. G. D. (Eastbourne), 10s.; Another Widow, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; March 19th, 9d.; Rose Self, 1s.; J. H. 44, 1s.; T. B. M., 1s. 3d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

Pleasing and Teasing



CLUES ACROSS

1. A meat-jack.
5. Funny play.
8. Smack.
12. Vehicle.
13. A steeple.
14. Medley.
15. To rear.
17. Learning.
18. Trial.
19. Conducted.
20. Pertaining to the nose.
22. Starting place in golf.
23. Midday.
24. Heating apparatus.
27. A shire.
30. Wandering.
32. Great.
33. Wan.
34. Make ashamed.
36. Non-flowering plant.
38. Forced smile.
39. German coin.
41. Potter's tool.
43. Barren.
45. To carry.
46. Division of a play.
48. Selected.
50. Health resort.
51. Sacks.
54. Affection.
55. Imagination.
56. Great American lake.
57. Happening.
58. The universe.
59. Departed.
60. The same again.
61. Fine particles of stone.

CLUES DOWN

1. A tax.
2. A place for wrestling.
3. The rainbow.
4. Canter.
5. Fanciful story.
6. Concur.
7. Type of instrument.
8. Wooden support for broken limb.
9. Savage animal.
10. Order.
11. The rind.
16. Dry weather.
21. To sharpen.
22. One over nine.
23. Talent.
24. Indian soldier.
25. Low deck.
26. Compete with.
27. Part of the Church service.
28. Cede.
29. Style.
31. Chaplet of flowers.
35. Funeral carriage.
36. Notion.
37. Faith.
38. Mirth.
40. Headgear.
42. Not present.
44. Push.
46. Separate.
47. Gem carved in relief.
48. Corner of a sail.
49. Baking apparatus.
50. A denomination.
51. Wagers.
52. Melody.
53. Despatch.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 36.

ANOTHER ENORMOUS "BULLETS" FIRST!

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4th Prize £50

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 634.

("BULLETS" EASTER OFFER.)

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. A. G. BROWN, 109, Cranbrook Avenue, Newland, Hull.

Example:—MAKES ME ANGRY
Bullet:—ARMAMENTS "LTD."—NOT LIMITED.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. R. C. WREN, 30, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.

Example:—WAY OF A WOMAN
Bullet:—DOWNHILL—THEN WORLD PUSHES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £125:

Mr. G. GEPALL, County Court Office, Weymouth.

Example:—DESERVES TO WIN
Bullet:—PLACE AMONG *Mortals*, EX-SOLDIER.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Mr. A. W. THORNHILL, 225, Yarborough Road, Lincoln.

Example:—WHEN THE BUGLE CALLS
Bullet:—PROFITEERS "DO"—SOLDIERS "DIE."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. M. BAXTER, 449, Auchmill Road, Bucksburn, Aberdeen.

Example:—MAKES ME ANGRY
Bullet:—STANDING *Down* FOR WOMEN.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

C. ANDERSON, 200, Park Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness. WHEN THE BUGLE CALLS—YOUTH—AGE ANSWERS BUZZER.

W. CHESTER, Club House, Wrekin Golf Club, Wellington, Salop. MAKES ME ANGRY—THEN SOMETHING TASTY—WIFE.

Mrs. CHAMBERS, 5, Sandown Park, Knock, Belfast. A GOOD DEAL—OF RECIPE, MOTHER'S SKILL.

P. W. CROSS, 4, Parkers Croft, Wolverhampton Road, Stafford. SON AND HEIR—I'VE GOT THE *Former*.

J. C. KERVEY, 80, Ham Park Road, Forest Gate, E. NEVER SATISFIED—OILS AMBITION—CLOGS HAPPINESS.

Mrs. L. SAWYERS, 179, Cowley Road, Oxford. FOOLISH MOVE—"SWINGING LEAD"—"HIT HIMSELF."

R. S. SITCH, 74, Adria Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham. FRIEND IN NEED—THINKS "CHARITY" BEST PERFORMANCE."

Mrs. N. SPONG, 84, Rosemary Avenue, Hounslow, W. WITHOUT A PENNY—UNCLE *Had* "REMEMBERED HIM."

C. L. TURNER, 83A, Ecclesbourne Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey. HER FREEDOM—SPINSTER COULDN'T ESCAPE FROM.

Mrs. L. WARNER, 19, Campbell Road, East Ham, E. SON AND HEIR—ADEPT AT ADDING DEBTS.

10 Prizes of £4 each:

[illegible], Sunnyside, Willerby, Hull. MAKES ME ANGRY—THE *Wrong* OF ASYLUM.

R. HOLLAND, 4, Upper Brook Road, Bristol. SAID TO THE WAITER—"YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR 'TABLES.'"

[illegible] LATIMER, Cliff Edge, Barton-on-Sea, Hants. NEVER SATISFIED—GLUTTON FOR *Others'* WORK. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

[illegible] H. McCABE, 2, Grimshaw Avenue, West Pollington, Macclesfield. ACCENT—LOVELIGHT, WHEN LOVE LIGHT.

[illegible] McINNES, 70, Adele Street, Motherwell. GOING WEST—SUNDAY—TWO SATURDAYS PREFERRED.

[illegible] MORRIS, 1, Afghan Road, Battersea, S.W. RIDICULOUS—DEBATES, WON'T REDUCE DEBITS.

[illegible] RICE, Church Street, Tollesbury, Essex. RIDICULOUS—SEGRAVE CARRYING REAR LIGHT.

A. THOMPSON, Roger Street, Hunslet, Leeds. LOVING—EACH OTHER—REASON, STRANGERS.

[illegible] TUDOR, Ystwyth, St. Davids. A GOOD DEAL—LATER—BORROWER SEES YOU.

[illegible] WAITE, 18, Manor Road, Barnet, Herts. MAKES ME ANGRY—UNTESTED DRIVERS TESTING PEDESTRIANS.

25 Prizes of £3 each:

W. [illegible] Bell, 11, High Street, Barnstable.
[illegible] Brown, 19th M.T. Coy., Catterick Camp.
[illegible] Candwell, 2, Bayswater Avenue, Bristol.
[illegible] Clarke, c/o 76, Springhill Gardens, Glasgow.
[illegible] Dodson, West Wycombe, Bucks.
[illegible] Glover, 28, South John Street, St. Helens.
[illegible] Glover, Penrose Cott., Heacham, King's Lynn.
[illegible] Good, 71, Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill.

(Continued on page 35)

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 637, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ "Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

IMPORTANT THURSDAY, MAY 19, is the closing date, but by posting a few days earlier you can assist us without affecting your opportunity of success.

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—ALL WRONG
Bullet:—"CROSSES" MARKING CIVILISATION'S MISTAKES.
Example:—THE SLUMS
Bullet:—OWNERS "RUN" WITHOUT "ENTERING."
Example:—VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
Bullet:—QUIET—GOVERNMENT'S BEST APPLAUSE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 637.

WHAT WE WERE PROMISED
BRITISH FILM
RARE
POOR CHAP
WHAT SHE'LL DO NEXT
A CELEBRITY
NEIGHBOURS
MAKES FATHER GROAN
SILLY ASS
NOT FOR ME
OVER HERE
THE FACT IS
PROFITABLE
WHAT HE ASKED
A SHAM
WHAT THE BRUTE SAID
HINT FOR HIM
MODERN
ABSENT-MINDED BRIDEGROOM
IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL
SLEEPING
GIVEN AWAY
CAUGHT IN THE ACT
I EXPECT
BEFORE GETTING MARRIED
WHEN SHORT
LOT OF GOOD
GETTING TOGETHER
FINISHED
WORK AND PAY
HER KISSES
CONFUSING
NO CRIME
WITH A YAWN
HOW TO SAVE
SECRET WORTH KNOWING
DECEIVES NOBODY
IMPORTANT
HEALTHY SIGN
WHAT IS A VOTE?